Pictures from the History of Spain

Martha G. Quincy Sleeper

"Merry Christmas"
for E. H. Crosby
from his S. S. Teacher
F. H. Charter

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PICTURES

FROM THE

HISTORY OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SWISS."

Martha G. Sleeper

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TO

MARY ANNE QUINCY

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE success which has attended the publication of "Pictures from the History of the Swiss," has induced its author to continue the series of "Pictures," as at first proposed; and to attempt the illustration of the history of some of those European nations which have not as yet formed the topics of books for youth, and the authorities for which are not easily accessible to older readers. Precisely to adapt the series, however, to the wants of those for whom it is intended, it has been thought necessary to admit a greater variety of material than was introduced into the initial volume. In the present work this wider plan is carried

out. The writer first offers a brief sketch of the present aspect of Spain in its natural features, and the costumes, occupations, and amusements of its inhabitants. A few historical events are then presented, care having been taken to select such as have been of real significance in determining the condition of the country, and the character of its people. A glance is also given at the formation of the Spanish language, and the rise of Spanish literature; and glimpses are afforded of the more distinguished Spanish artists, although by means of anecdotes rather than of a formal description of their works.

Incidental mention, only, is made of the foreign relations of Spain; but a part, at least, of these will be noticed in succeeding volumes.

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INTRODUCTION.

Section I.

THE BIRD THAT FRIGHTENED THE MARKET PEOPLE.

The south-western corner of Europe is a peninsula. This peninsula is divided into two kingdoms, called Spain and Portugal. Upon the north it is in part washed by the Bay of Biscay; in part separated from France by the mountain chain of the Pyrenees. Upon the east lies the Mediterranean, which, sweeping round to the Straits of Gibraltar, is joined by that passage to the Atlantic, its boundary on the west.

Its centre is occupied by mountains whose summits form high table lands, from which other heights arise. Among them six great rivers have their source. Swelled by the rain, by the melting snow, by many thread-like rivulets, they go dashing downward, until, grown wide and deep, they

lose their frolic movement, and more slowly seek the ocean. Metals lie hidden in the earth. Marble, iron, silver, copper, and many others, wait to enrich the patient worker.

Almost every variety of climate, scenery, and production is found in this country. In Gallicia, which occupies the north-western portion, are broad fields of rye, oats, and blue-eyed flax. Delicious pears, rosy apples, fine strawberries, and nice asparagus are grown — potatoes, also. but they are only for the rich. Wolves and wild boars prowl on the mountains. Streams glitter with trout and salmon in the valleys. Many of the peasants have no chimneys to their huts, and one room serves both the family and beasts. They often go abroad as porters and waiters. So many flock to Lisbon that the citizens say, "God first made gentlemen," (meaning Portuguese,) "and then made Gallicians to serve them." Their wives, in their absence, toil in the field, and when not holding the plough or spade, they ply the distaff. In some places life is easier. The peasant girl lightly stepping to the fountain, or public well, lets down her pitcher from her head, and chats gayly with her friends. A small

kerchief is bound closely round her brow, while her hair is plaited and knotted behind. A tippet is crossed over her bodice of colored cloth, but her feet are bare, or loaded with wooden shoes.

Sunday is the great market and pleasure day in Gallicia. Early in the morning, men, in helmet-shaped caps, worked in many colored cloths, and adorned with red plumes and peacocks' feathers, appear with their wares in the rudest of carts, or upon donkeys. Some bear their merchandise upon their own backs. Others are driving massive oxen, a few pigs, black and white long-woolled sheep, and dirty-looking merinos. Piles of tomatoes, quantities of red peppers, chestnuts and sweet acorns, oranges, lemons, grapes and nuts, excellent hams, wild fowl from the moors, shad, salmon, eels and bream, sweetmeats, rye bread and cheese, bright kerchiefs, waistcoats and coarse prints, fill the tables. In addition to these, one may see rosaries from Santiago, the holiest city of the province. Each one should consist of one hundred and fifty beads made from the mais berry, from wood, glass, or jasper perhaps. The Papist counts his prayers by them, slipping them through

his fingers, one for each prayer. Little figures of St. James on horseback, in silver or some humbler material, also from Santiago, are in demand, to keep the wearer from ague and robbers. Possibly, too, some gayos in rude cages are offered for sale. They talk like a parrot, and grow noisy in the noisy crowd. Once one of them was placed near a vender of St. Jameses. The bird looked on knowingly for some time, when he began to mimic him, crying, "Who'll buy? Who'll buy? Drive off robbers, rob-bers, r-o-b-b-e-r-s."

He repeated the word *robbers* each time more loudly and slowly than the last, and a countryman, who happened to be cheapening some black lambs, hearing the outcry, took to his heels, shouting, "Robbers! robbers!" Others followed him shouting also with all their might.

At last an old woman in a striped linen gown, with the skirt turned over her head instead of a bonnet, dropped down, puffing and blowing, and nearly out of breath. "Swim and swim, and die on the bank!" she exclaimed. "Where are the robbers, I wonder?"

"Sure enough," said an egg merchant, who

had in his haste broken every egg in his basket. "A partridge frightened is half cooked! Where are the robbers, I wonder?"

"Ah, that indeed," replied a poultry dealer, holding fast by a cock and hen. "Three things kill a man,—fear, flight, and fretting. Let's find out where the robbers are."

So one and another turned about, and when they reached the market there was only the gayo screaming, "Robbers, rob-bers, r-o-b-b-e-r-s! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

Upon the eastern limits of Gallicia are mountains almost always tipped with snow. There, for six months of the year, dwell a singular people, called *vaqueros*. They have great herds of cattle. They pasture them on the heights in summer, but lead them to the plains in winter. They never mingle with the villagers, and even in the churches are divided from them by a long bar. Each little tribe also keeps carefully aloof from every other. Its members marry only in their own small circle, and despise the whole world beside. They are despised in their turn, and the word *vaquero*, applied even in sport, would often be revenged by death.

Section II.

THE SHEEP THAT TOOK THE FORTRESS.

The Asturias is broken in surface, and is kept moist by the sea mists. The rebeco, a species of chamois, bounds beneath its dark pines and silver firs. Here is a so-called Holy Well. The maiden who drinks from it *in faith* will, it is said, get a husband within the year. There is little wheat, but vast fields of maize are cultivated. When it is gathered in, the peasants have a merry-making not unlike our husking. Thither go the men in jackets of yellow, and caps of sky-blue, or of white felt turned up with green. The women join them in bodices of yellow or green, laced in front with gold cord. Their soft, brown hair hangs down in long plaits, and their blue eyes beam beneath the black mantles thrown over the head. They have leather shoes, and socks, edged with red or yellow, over the neatly-fitting hose. They strip the corn of its husks, and put aside the leaves for fruit packing and mattress filling. They lay the stalks in piles for fuel. Cider, perhaps wine, is handed about.

The guests talk as fast as they work. They tell of the corn and beef that a neighbor has paid the priest for praying for his dead child. They count over the men who have gone to Madrid as body servants or cooks. They call for a story. No one offers. A Castilian visitor is whispering to the pretty Catalina, who is looking at his black velvet cap with its two worsted tassels, or glancing slyly at his gaiters, open at the side to show his gay stockings. He must be the story teller. No, indeed! He cannot, really! He should forget! He should feel so awkward! A beseeching look from the damsel settles the matter, and he begins about

The Sheep that took the Fortress.

Cuenca, in my native province, lies about half way between Madrid and Valencia. It is built on a rocky hill. The houses rise, tier above tier, roof above roof, to the cathedral, which occupies almost the only level space. The buildings and courts, and the pleasant walk planted with chestnuts and evergreen oaks, seem to hang over the precipice, and the walls and towers look as if they were cut from the crag itself. It is

shut in by cliffs and mountains. Below are green valleys watered by the Huecar and Juca. These streams come down through the ravines clear and green-tinted. They play among the bright-hued stones of their uneven beds, and meet, as if gladly, with a leap and song. Bridges are built across them. Windmills stand on their edge. Fluttering aspens, stiff poplars, ashes, walnuts, flowering locusts, and little pistachia trees, with their heavy, crooked limbs, grow along their shores. The water is carried past fine gardens crowded with cabbages, turnips, and chick-peas.

The city was built by the Moors. They were a curious people, stronger to win than to keep. In their quarrels among themselves, they sometimes paid high for Spanish help. Our ballads tell us, — I know not with how much truth, — that Aben Abed, a king of Seville, had a daughter as beautiful as the day. His courtiers never wearied of singing her praises. Many Moorish princes desired to marry her; but her father loved her dearly, and thought nobody good or rich enough for this idol of his heart. By and by, however, he heard of an African tribe which

had grown great in the desert. Its members began with a tent, a horse, and a single strip of cloth which answered for tunic and trousers. They had become mighty in war, and all trembled before them. Aben Abed trembled too. He would not join with his countrymen against the strangers, but sought the aid of Alfonso of Leon. In return he gave him his daughter, with Cuenca as a part of her dowry. The sweet bride pined among the mists and winds of the north. The Cuencans were enraged at being given away like a slave or a horse. The former faded slowly. The latter opened their gates to their brethren.

Many years went by, and Alfonso, become king of Castile as well as of Leon, determined to get back this Moorish jewel. The garrison laughed at him. They said, "When the rock splits and the earth opens, you may come in."

Alfonso's army was small, and in want of every comfort. The soldiers called their camp "Camp Starvation." They assaulted the place in vain. Once and again they climbed the steep paths to their ringing battle cry, "St. James for

Castile and Leon!" Once and again they were beaten back with fearful slaughter.

Nothing but retreat seemed possible, when a Christian slave, named Martin Alhaxar, came to their help. He was accustomed daily to lead out his master's sheep to feed at a little grass plat near the city walls, but out of sight of the sentinels. A deep gorge separated him from his countrymen, but he contrived to communicate with them. He offered to kill his sheep, clothe twenty tried and true men in their fleeces, and take them, in this disguise, through the small side gate by which he usually came out. The proposal was gladly accepted. It was agreed, also, that a pretended attack should be made upon the side of the fortress opposite that on which the shepherd was posted, as soon as the flock might reasonably be supposed to have passed within the walls, in order to occupy the attention of the garrison, and prevent the possibility of discovery. So, twenty of the most heroic cavaliers descended the gorge and climbed up to the grass plat, while Martin was killing and skinning his sheep. Fortunately

the night was dark, but, as they approached the castle, a few arrows were shot at random.

"Fools!" exclaimed Martin, angrily, "don't you know me yet? And why didn't you wait for the watchword?"

"Fool yourself, you blundering dog," returned a sentinel. "Why are you so late?"

"You know I've no arms," replied Martin. "Of course I have to wait my chance. But let me in. I'm tired and hungry."

"Dry, too, may be. But come along, old Surly;" and the soldier opened the gate.

Just as the supposed sheep were all in, there was a rushing sound as of a rising storm. Then the tramp of advancing troops, the trumpet call, the shouts and war cries, answering to each other, now from this, now from that point, drew the whole garrison from their quarters, while the frightened citizens flew hither and thither, striving to learn the cause of the unexpected uproar. The Spaniards threw off their disguise unnoticed, and mingled with the crowd for a few minutes, until they were able, under the guidance of Martin, to open the

principal gate. The struggle was short. Cuenca was taken.

The gratified huskers exclaim, "Thanks! Well done! Shrewd fellow! Brave men!"

The floor is cleared for a dance. Now it is a jig, and now it is a circular movement, winding up with the warlike chorus, "*Viva Pravia! viva Pilona!*" which refers to Pelayo and his victories over the Moors.

Section III.

HOW THE BISCAYAN SERVED THE FISH.

Biscay is all mountain and valley. The people are brave, merry, hospitable, and ignorant. The men wear pointed hats, or low blue caps, a red jacket, a brown or red sash, Moorish bandages round the legs, and brogues of skins tied loosely with thongs in wet, and sandals in dry weather. The women wear hoods over their long, plaited hair. The Biscayans have a language of their own. It is harsh and difficult to pronounce. The Andalusians say that

they write Solomon and call it Nebuchadnezzar. They are fond of singing, dancing, and playing at single-stick. They like dominos also, and a game of cards called *mûs*. They perform rudely upon the bagpipe, fife, tambourine, and a species of flageolet. They offer corn and bread to the spirits of their deceased friends on the anniversary of their death. Many stories are told of the Biscayans, showing that, stupid as they seem, they yet have a serviceable kind of shrewdness. One of these runs thus: —

A Biscayan, dining with two selfish, jesting Castilians, undertook to carve a fish, the only dish on the table.

"I do not like the part near the head," said one of his companions.

"I do not like the part near the tail," said the other.

The Biscayan quietly cut the fish into three pieces, and gave the first speaker the tail, the second the head. Then, taking the best piece for himself, he remarked, "The silly Biscayan takes the middle."

Section IV.

HOW THE WOMEN OF TORTOSA SAVED THE CITY.

The people of Catalonia are frugal, industrious, and honest. They are good sailors, and they make the best tradesmen, innkeepers, and carriers in Spain. The men wear long, loose, dark-colored trousers of cloth, a plush, reaching almost to the armpits, very short jackets, which, in fine weather, they hang from the shoulder, and a red or purple cap, the long end of which hangs down upon one side, or is doubled and brought over the forehead. They do not touch the glass to the lips in drinking, but hold a bottle at arm's length, and pour the liquor into the mouth with such good aim as not to spill a drop. The women are coarse and plain. Their costume is a tight bodice, with a kerchief or mantle for the head. Their amethyst and emerald earrings are in the Moorish style, and so heavy as to be supported by threads hung over the ears.

Tortosa, one of the cities of this province, rises from the Ebro, on a hill parted by a great

cleft. Its walls and towers, its fortress-castle, and its fine cathedral are well placed upon the height. Seven gates give entrance into its narrow streets. A bridge of boats over the Ebro rises and falls with the stream, which is subject to sudden floods. In the year 1149, in the reign of Ramon Berenguer IV., king of Catalonia and Arragon, the Moors attacked this city. Day and night they watched and fought without. Day and night the Tortosans watched and fought within. But the Moors were many; the Tortosans were few. The Moors had food in abundance; the Tortosans were starving. In vain the latter tried to obtain help. Not a single soldier, not a loaf of bread, or a handful of grain, could pass the camp of the besiegers.

"It is hopeless," said one of the commanders. "We must die or surrender in twenty-four hours."

"Let us die, then," said a second.

"But our wives and children," said a third.

"We will kill them first, and then kill ourselves," said a fourth.

The leaders talked a long time together, and

then they went different ways to find out what the citizens would approve. They found them so despairing and so much afraid of the enemy that all consented to this terrible proposal. One husband, however, when gently reproved by his wife for the tears which he shed over her, told her the whole plan.

"I am willing to die," she said, "but not now or thus;" and she ran into the street.

Passing from house to house, she cried, "Friends, sisters, death is upon us! Up, and be doing! Arm, and to the walls! Let the men sally out, while we stay to defend the city!"

A single earnest, hopeful person will often, by a few words, change the purposes and feelings of a sad and disappointed multitude. The cry, "To arms! to arms!" went echoing through the town, and put new life into the people. The Moors believed that, by some unknown means, troops and provisions had been introduced into the city. Soldiers seemed to swarm every where along the battlements, while a small but resolute band of knights and men-at-arms issued from the gates. Their

onset was furious. The Moors gave way. They attempted to rally. They gave way again. They turned and fled. A grateful, happy shout went up to heaven. Tortosa was saved.

Mindful of their services, King Ramon decorated the Tortosan ladies with a red military scarf, the order of *La Hacha;* commanded that they should receive dress goods free from duty; and that, at marriage, they should precede their husbands.

Section V.

MUZA THE MOOR, AND HIS WONDERFUL BEARD.

In the province of Estremadura is the once magnificent city of Merida. When Muza the Moor, after the defeat of Roderic, king of the Goths, saw its Roman bridge of eighty-one arches, its enormously thick walls and its strong towers, and beheld its theatre, its forum, its churches, and its triumphal pillars, he exclaimed, "The whole world must have joined to build 't. Happy he who shall call it his own."

The Meridans fought gallantly and hopefully

at first. They saw Muza's white beard, and they said, "He will not live to conquer us." But their numbers lessened. Worse still, their provisions grew scarce. They sent deputies to Muza to settle the conditions of surrender. Wonder of wonders! these found the beard of the victor a fine brown. The cunning Moor had dyed it, but they knew nothing of such arts, and declared, on their return, "He is a magician. Youth and age are alike in his power." The inhabitants no longer hesitated, but yielded the city at once. Muza was generous. He not only offered them terms honorable to both parties, but he kept them also.

Estremadura was rich and prosperous under the industrious and quick-witted Moors. The Spaniards, who conquered them, killed as many as they could, and drove the rest out, to live or die as might happen. They destroyed almost all that had been done by the patient labor of the strangers. Lazy and ignorant, they recultivated but little of the soil. Those tracts which were most thinly inhabited were taken possession of by the shepherds of Leon and Castile, who spent here their winters, and returned in sum-

mer to their cooler hills. The shepherds never live in cities, and seldom marry. In intelligence they are but little above their sheep, every one of which they know as a mother knows her children. When not eating or sleeping, they usually stand, leaning silently upon their crooks.

In the districts covered with oaks, chestnuts, and beeches, immense numbers of swine are kept. These pigs are the pets of the peasants. They are turned into the forests in the morning, and return of their own accord at night. On arriving at the villages, each pig scampers home, making no mistakes, and apparently in hot haste for his expected welcome. As he pays the rent he should be feasted.

Many varieties of sweet-scented blossoms perfume the air in their season. Turtle doves pair and coo in the wild olives. Yellow-throated bee-eaters perch in the cypress boughs to look out for insects, especially bees, which they catch upon the wing. Quiet at noonday, they send abroad their pleasant whistling notes morning and evening. The hoopoe, crowned like a little king with a crest of orange-brown, tipped with black, seeks in moist places, and on the borders of

woods, for worms and caterpillars. The nightingale, sweetest of songsters, makes a nest in the low bushes for her green eggs. Grasshoppers sing in the purple thyme. Locusts swarm there, and often eat up every green thing for miles, except, luckily, the red tomato, of which the Spaniards are very fond. The Arabs believe that they can read on the gaudy rose-colored wings of this insect, "We are the destroying army of God." The Spaniards think that they can read on them, "The wrath of God."

The peasants of Estremadura live principally on rice, salt fish, and bacon. In some parts the men wear leather jerkins open at the arms, and the women short petticoats of green, red, or yellow, with a kerchief for the head, or, perhaps, a cloth mantilla with a silver clasp.

Pizarro and Cortez were born in this province.

Section VI.

VALENCIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

Valencia has a fertile soil, which was greatly improved by the Moors. Rice fields wave with broad-leaved, white-seeded grain. The flax

nods to cool, juicy melons. Mulberry trees grow purple with fruit, besides pink-flowering almond groves, and gold-dotted orange orchards. The pomegranate opens its red blossoms. Apricots ripen on sunny walls. In August, the carob tree drops its sweet pods — the husks of the prodigal son in the New Testament. Bunches of them are hung, for a sign, outside the inns.

The men wear a bright silk kerchief instead of a hat, gaudy jackets of velvet or cloth, with open shirt sleeves, and over the shoulders a cloak of many-colored plaid. Their wide white linen drawers, scarcely reaching to the knee, are fastened round the waist with a silk sash. Hempen sandals are worn, and the legs are either naked or covered with stockings without feet. Students' purses are jokingly compared to these bottomless hose.

The women are pretty and pleasing. They fasten their hair with combs of silver-gilt, and pierce the rolls with large-headed silver pins. Sometimes they add silver flowers made in the city of Valencia.

They are an industrious people. Some take

care of the silkworm. Others prepare orange-flower water, and delicate sweetmeats from the orange blossoms which load with perfume the March winds. Others, still, make cakes of almonds and honey, famous abroad, and especially desirable at Christmas and the New Year. Some, dry delicious figs upon reed stretchers, or cure coarse raisins by dipping the grapes in lye. Some make handsome porcelain tiles for the floors and walls of houses. They are fond of pleasure. They dance well to the tambourine and a sort of Moorish clarinet. Their national dance is *La Rondalla*, or Roundabout. The men are great pigeon shooters, and do not dislike cockfights.

Section VII.

THE CROSS THAT CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

Murcia glitters here with the smooth, shining stems of the sugar cane, and is there crimson with great patches of red pepper. Immense sunflowers, the seeds of which are eaten by the poor, show gaudily from amidst thorny aloes and the prickly pear, the fruit of which is also used for food. Many of the houses are in

the Moorish style. They are long, low, white, flat-roofed edifices, and shaded by palm trees. From the barren palm trees about ten stems are taken yearly. They are worth a dollar, and are used in the processions on Palm Sunday. If blessed by the priest, they are thought to be a certain protection from lightning, and they are fancifully plaited and hung at the house balconies. Like the rest of the Spaniards, the Murcians believe all manner of religious fables. Caravaca, one of its cities, lies among the hills, from the bottom of which stretches a wide, green plain.

The arms of the city are a red cow with a cross on her back. *Vaca* means *cow*, which accounts for the adoption of the animal, and the cross was added because of a miracle. It is told by the priests that Perez Chirinos, who had been taken captive by the Moors, desired to say mass before their king. He had no cross, and was trying to contrive some way of getting this emblem, when angels brought one from heaven, and the monarch was instantly converted. The very cross, they say, is now kept in the great church. It has wrought many miracles, and rings, when rubbed against it, are

thought to keep the wearer from illness. Annually, upon the 3d of May, the cross is brought out and bathed. The day is a festive one. Silly as it may seem, a great deal has been written upon this wonderful cross.

Section VIII.

JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY.

Andalusia is the brightest and most cheerful of the Spanish provinces. The men are tall and well formed. They are witty, boastful, and good-tempered. The women have sparkling black eyes, thick glossy hair, which they wear in braids, and clear, olive complexions. The men of the lower classes delight in a fanciful, dandy costume. This is, with some variations, a short velvet jacket with silver buttons and gay sash, velvet breeches with rows of shining buttons from the hips to the knees, a colored silk kerchief, the ends drawn through a ring, and gaiters fringed and embroidered, open at the calf to show the stocking and trim russet shoe. The cloak is worn by all classes. It is rounded at the bottom, and very full. A stylish one meas-

ures nearly, or quite, seven yards in circumference. The mantilla is the true national head covering for women, and has been so from the earliest times. Nowhere is it worn so gracefully as in Andalusia. There are three styles. Those of white blonde, or embroidery, are for bull-fights, birthdays, Easter Mondays, and other grand occasions. They are unbecoming. A lady dressed in one has been compared to a sausage wrapped in white paper. Another, and remarkably pretty one, is made of black satin edged with velvet and deep laces. Another, still, is of black silk, with velvet trimming, but without lace. A black over skirt is worn out of doors. This is in the southern part. In the northern, green serge over skirts are used, and kerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. The fan becomes one of the prettiest of toys in the hands of an Andalusian. She almost makes it talk, so nicely does she manage it.

The Andalusians have Moorish blood in their veins, and are full of animation. As soon as the day's work is over comes the dance. They play on the castanets better than any other people. They begin, when they are children, by

snapping their fingers or striking together bits of shell, and they put into their performances a wonderful amount of life and gayety. They play the guitar with enthusiasm. Their tunes are, for the most part, Eastern and ancient. The words are often composed at the moment, and refer to passing events.

They are not thrifty. They dislike to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow. They are fond of holidays, shows, and sports. Long ago the young women rose before the sun on the morning of John the Baptist's Day. They gathered flowers with the dew on them, and wreathed them about their heads. If the moisture remained on the blossoms, they said that their lovers were faithful. If it dried quickly, the wearer was, at least, left in doubt.

Another ceremony was to shut up a wether in a hut of heath. The anxious maiden stood by the door, while her companions danced, singing, around. If the animal remained quiet, her lover was true. If he pushed his horns through the green door or roof, her lover was false.

The following is one of the songs which were sung by the girls on their way to the woodlands: —

SONG FOR THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; 'tis the day of good St. John;
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; the woodlands all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between;
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream
Ere the face of Guadalquivir glows beneath the strengthening beam.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; and slumber not away
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day;
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lea,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool;
The violets, and the roses, and the jasmines, all together,
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; we'll gather myrtle boughs,
And we shall learn from the dews of the fern if our lads will keep their vows;
If the wether is still as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist's blessing is ours.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens; 'tis the day of good St. John;
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Section IX.

SPANISH DANCES, BULL-FIGHTS, &c.

The sketches thus far given of dress and customs have been, for the most part, taken from the lower classes. The wealthy and cultivated are rapidly adopting French and English fashions. Many French bonnets are worn, and French cookery is taking the place of the old Spanish dishes.

Dinner parties are not, and have never been, fashionable in Spain. At Madrid, however, those who aim at style set apart certain evenings, perhaps one in a week or fortnight, for receiving company. A little cake, lemonade or other cold drinks, with, possibly, a cup of tea, form the refreshments. Music is introduced, and sometimes cards. In the fashionable houses guests begin to assemble at nine o'clock, and if there is a ball elsewhere, they go to it about midnight.

A stranger, upon arriving at Madrid, leaves his card for all residents to whose civility he has a claim. On New Year's Day, or from that to Twelfth Day, cards are sent to all friends and acquaintances. Persons about to be married send cards in their joint names, with the direction of their intended residence, and an invitation to visit them, to all whose acquaintance they value. Formal calls are made from two to five o'clock in the afternoon; but most visitors merely leave a card at the door, without asking to be admitted at that time.

The Spaniards are lofty in manner, and fond of flattery. They use titles freely, and even beggars address each other as "lord," and "knight." They abound in proverbs, and quote them upon all occasions.

There are but few book publishers in Spain, and the bookstores are ridiculously poor. Sometimes the books are arranged on shelves around a court, against a church, or in an open passage. Possibly they occupy the ground floor of an obscure house. Occasionally the owner has a sort of sentry-box, where he sits over his charcoal pan in winter, or he watches his

property from a neighboring window. He seems to care very little about selling his books, which he often buys *by weight*, and of which he seldom knows the value. These customs are, however, slowly changing, and a few of these establishments show signs of life.

The principal national dances of Spain are the fandango, the bolero, and the seguidilla. The former is danced by two persons, who give a double clap with the thumb and middle finger at every cadence. They dance close together, turn about, approach a second time, retire, and approach again; the gentleman gazing steadily in the face of his partner, the lady looking modestly downward.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the bolero began to be substituted among the better classes for the fandango. It represents a little flirtation between two lovers, and is very sprightly.

The seguidilla is either the fandango or bolero danced as a figure dance. It is usually performed by eight persons, and, at intervals, each couple go through the movements of the dance chosen. These dances are all performed

to the music of the guitar alone, or to the guitar accompanied by the voice; and castanets are often used by the dancers to add to the animation of the movement. The higher classes do not dance them at present, but dance such figures as are fashionable at Paris.

The knife is the national weapon. Few peasants are ever without it. It is stuck in the sash, or is thrust into the breeches pocket. Some knives bear mottoes, as "When this viper stings, there is no remedy in any apothecary's shop." It is playfully called "my aunt," "a toothpick," or "a penknife."

The distinguishing national amusement of Spain is the bull-fight. This every body attends who can afford to pay the fee. Rows of benches rise one above another round the ring. It has no roof, and the prices of seats vary with the row, and also as they are more or less out of the sun. Sentinels in brown great-coats with capes, and red epaulets, (military shoulder ornaments,) keep order at the entrance.

The ladies wear white lace mantillas, and buy, outside the door, coarse red and yellow fans put into handles of reed, worth about a

cent apiece. The men all carry sticks. A stylish one is peeled in rings, white, black, and red. It is between four and five feet long, has a knob at the end, and is forked at the top for the convenience of the thumb.

Drums, trombones, clarinets, and cymbals strike up, the boys are driven out, and the president takes his seat in a centre box. At a sign from him, the trumpet sounds and the performers enter. First come the *picadores*, or spearmen, on horseback. They wear broad-brimmed hats trimmed with silver lace and tassels, jackets glittering with silver embroidery, and red sashes. Their legs are cased in leather breeches plated with iron, their saddles are high and heavy, and their stirrups are green boxes. The *chulos*, or footmen, follow. They wear coats of green, red, purple, and the like, and their hair is fastened in silk nets. Then the *matadores*, or actual slayers of the bull, appear; and lastly, a mule-team with little flags and tinkling bells, which is to drag out the dead animals. A priest is in attendance, in case it should be necessary to hear the confession of a dying fighter.

The trumpet sounds again, and the president tosses the key of the bull's cell to the manager. He does, or should, catch it in his plumed cap. The moment that the animal is let out, a colored cockade is pinned to his side by a spike. He comes plunging on. The picador waits for him in the centre of the ring, and turns aside just as he is upon him, but often not quickly enough to save his horse from being cruelly gored and torn. If the picador falls, the chulos advance, and with their gay cloaks take up the attention of the bull till he gets a fresh horse. If the bull is not fierce, cries of disapproval arise, such as "Goat!" "Little calf!" "Cow!" If he is sufficiently furious, he is greeted with "Brave bull!" "Live bull!"

After a time, a second trumpet note dismisses the picador and calls the chulos. They leap into the ring, waving darts to which are fixed paper hoops, red, yellow, or blue. They run up, one after another, and, with quick hand, lodge each a pair on either side of the animal's neck. Sometimes these are filled with gunpowder, and explode, blackening and singe-

ing his glossy hide, and driving him wild with fear and pain. The fleet-footed chulos seem almost to fly. They throw their cloaks over the bull's horns, and take them again; they sit for an instant in his path; they run and leap, drawing him after them, now this way, and now that, until he is close at their heels, when they spring over the railing only to catch up their cloaks and spring back again.

A third trumpet note summons the matador. He stops before the president's box, raises his knife, kisses it, swears that either the bull or himself shall die, and throws down his cap. He flutters his red flag, turns and bounds until his position is right, when he plunges his weapon into the animal's neck. The bull falls. The matador draws out the dripping steel, wipes it on the flag, and lowers its point as he bows to the president. A shower of caps and cigars descends around him. The former he tosses back, the latter he keeps for himself.

The jingling mule-team drags out the bloody carcass, the dead or dying horses are removed, fresh sawdust is scattered over the ring, and another bull is let out.

One of the choicest festivities of Spain was, for some centuries, the *auto-da-fé*. This is a Portuguese phrase, meaning act of faith; but it is used to signify the burning of persons condemned by the officers of the Inquisition as not being truly Roman Catholics. A description of one which was celebrated to welcome Philip II. on his return from a visit to the Netherlands, will give a fair idea of them, although this was thought to be particularly fine.

It was at Valladolid, and the great square in front of the Church of St. Francis was prepared for the ceremony. At one end a platform was covered with carpeting for the high officers of the Inquisition. Close to it was the royal gallery, and opposite was a scaffold for the martyrs.

At six in the morning the bells began to toll, and a procession marched from the prison of the Inquisition. A body of troops led the way. Next, attended by friars and agents of the Inquisition, were those who were to be burned. They wore a loose sack of yellow cloth, and a high pasteboard cap, both articles being covered with figures of flames fanned

and fed by devils. They had cords round their necks, and in their hands crucifixes, or torches turned downward, to show that they were soon to die. Some of them were of high rank, and illustrious for their talent and virtues; but they were Protestants, and would not deny their faith. All were emaciated, and some of them showed marks of horrid torture. Those who were to suffer in other ways followed, wearing black robes. Then came the magistrates of the city, the priests, and nobles. Next the members of the Inquisition appeared, with a red banner bearing the arms of the Inquisition on one side, and the insignia (distinguishing signs) of the founders — Pope Sixtus V. and King Ferdinand — on the other.

The inquisitors ascended their platform. King Philip II. and his court, blazing with silks and jewels, entered the gallery. The vast multitude, not less than two hundred thousand in number, — from the old man bending over his staff to the little child out for a holiday, — crowded and elbowed for the best places till they were packed in a solid mass.

A sermon was preached. At its close, the people swore to maintain Catholicism, and to accuse all persons who were not of that belief. The sentences of the victims were then read. Sixteen professed to be convinced of the truth of Catholicism, and were to be punished for having doubted it. Fourteen were condemned to the flames.

The ceremonies lasted from six in the morning till two in the afternoon; after which the burning took place beyond the walls of the city. Twelve of the fourteen martyrs consented to confess, and were, as a great privilege, strangled before they were thrown into the fire.

The Inquisition does not now exist in Spain. It was abolished by King Joseph Bonaparte, in 1808. It was restored by the tyrant Ferdinand VII., in 1814. It was again abolished by the Cortez, or house of representatives, in 1820; and was, a second time, restored by Ferdinand. It was again abolished in 1834; and in 1835 its property was taken to pay the national debt.

There are still nunneries in Spain, but no

monasteries. The number of priests is unnecessarily large; but the active clergy has always been, as a whole, far superior to the monks in learning, piety, and charity. No religious worship, except the Roman Catholic, is permitted, and no foreigner, even, can openly profess any other faith.

There are almost no conveniences for travel in Spain, although something has been done in this direction within a few years. There are railways from Cadiz to Xeres; from Seville to Cordova; from Barcelona a part of the way to Gerona; from Madrid to Alicante and to Valencia, with a branch to Toledo; and from Madrid a short distance towards Saragossa. A railway has also been commenced between Bilboa and Santander. There are, perhaps, four hundred miles in all. The public conveyances are hard, dirty, and always behind time. A large part of the peninsula can be visited only on foot, or on the backs of horses or mules. The inns are, in general, uncomfortable and, since the Moorish war, are high in their charges.

CHAPTER I.

THE FALL OF SAGUNTUM.

No one knows what people first lived in Spain. History begins with the Iberians, of whom it tells us little. The Iberians were followed by the Celts. After much fighting the two nations concluded to dwell peacefully together, and were called the Celtiberians.

The men wore a garment of linen, or chamois leather, bound round the waist, and a cap upon the head. In war the footmen carried two lances about a yard in length, a short sword, a pole with a hook in the end to seize the reins of the enemy's horses, a sling, and a buckler. The horsemen had, in addition to the buckler, a casing for the thighs, lances two yards long, sometimes sabres, and sometimes heavy mallets or sharp hatchets. They were very skilful. They could manage two horses at once, and could leap from one to the other when at full speed. When advan-

cing to battle, each one carried a footman, who sprang to the ground and engaged the enemy.

The women wore a black woollen robe reaching to the feet. Sometimes they fastened a hood to it in the manner of our cloak hoods. They were little better than slaves, not only doing the work of the house, but toiling in the fields as well.

Sweet acorns and chestnuts, with cider or mead, (a drink made of honey and water,) supplied the table of a portion of the people; but the wealthy used meat and wine. They were more temperate than their northern neighbors. They had feasts occasionally, but to these their wives and daughters were not admitted. The warriors danced in armor, and beat time to the music with their swords upon their shields. They expressed contempt as well as pleasure in this way. When they desired to show that they despised the Romans, they retired before them with a peculiar step.

The funerals of their heroes were splendid. The corpse was dressed in fine garments. It lay in state for several days. It was then burned upon a pile made for the purpose;

and, instead of a sermon, some friend told the descent and deeds of the deceased. Military exercises were performed over his tomb, and, in some instances, one or more of his dearest companions swallowed poison, thinking life worthless without him.

They knew little of medicine, and their sick were placed by the roadside, that passers-by might tell them of treatment which had been found useful in similar cases.

There is a tradition that some knowledge of the true God existed among the Iberians; but of this there is no certainty. The Celts are thought to have introduced the superstitions of the Druids, and certain stones, supposed to be Druidical remains, are pointed out as proof.

The first civilized people known to have visited Spain were the Phœnicians. They were Syrian in blood, and dwelt on a long, narrow strip of coast upon the east of the Mediterranean. Each of their cities governed itself, its district and villages; but they were joined together by national feeling and interest. At the head of these cities, and exercising a certain influence upon them all, was

Sidon. Afterwards Tyre took her place. We learn somewhat about these cities from the Old Testament writers, and what is told of them by the Greeks agrees perfectly with the information contained in the sacred volume. Not having much land, they bethought themselves of making ships and crossing the sea. Short voyages were followed by long ones, and more than a thousand years before Christ they went to Spain.

They had many things to sell. All the glass in the ancient world was made by them. They wore fine cloths which they colored purple, and scarlet, and deep red; and they wrought elegant ornaments. They traded with the East also. They had pearls from Cape Comorin, cinnamon from Ceylon, and ivory, ebony, and jewels from Arabia. These they gave for the wool, fruits, gold, silver, and iron of the Celtiberians. They founded Cadiz, Malaga, and some other towns on the coast of Spain; but they were too busy in making good bargains to write much about their life there.

The most powerful colony of Phœnicia was

Carthage, on the northern shore of Africa. Like the parent city of Tyre, she coveted the wealth of Spain, and began to trade with the seaports as early as the seventh century before Christ. Upon the breaking out of a quarrel between the Phœnicians and Spaniards, she conquered both parties, and took the settlements for herself.

The Carthaginians treated the native tribes with great cruelty, and these, in their sorrow, asked aid from the Romans. This the latter readily promised. They meant to drive out the Carthaginians, and seize upon Spain, as the Carthaginians had done. They sent no soldiers, however, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, laid siege to Saguntum.

This city was founded B. C. 1384, by the Greeks of Zante. It was built on a high hill, about a mile from the sea. It was immensely rich, and was the stronghold of Valencia. Hannibal laid waste the surrounding country. Then he shut off all communication with the sea, and attacked it upon three sides at once.

Upon his approach some of the citizens took a ship which was in the harbor, and

sailed to Italy. When they reached Rome they were led to the senate chamber. The fathers being assembled, they exclaimed, "O Romans, allies, friends, help! help! Even now Hannibal is thundering at the gates of Saguntum! — Hannibal, your enemy as well as ours; Hannibal, who, while yet a child, swore hatred to you; Hannibal, who, having taken Saguntum, will rush on Rome; Hannibal, the terrible; Hannibal, who fears not the gods, neither keeps faith with men. O Romans, fathers, friends, help while there is yet time."

These entreaties moved some of the more generous senators. But the greater number selfishly regarded their own advantage only, and left the unfortunate city to stand or fall, as it might.

Hannibal lost not a moment. He said, "By and by is always too late." One angle of the city wall stretched quite into the valley. Against this he brought a battering ram, thinking to beat it down without difficulty. He was mistaken. The bravest of the young men had stationed themselves there. Not content with driving him from his works, they

often rushed out, determined at least to sell their lives dearly. Hurling their javelins, thrusting with their lances, beating down with their heavy mallets, darting forward, wheeling, turning again, pursuing, retreating, they killed many of the besiegers, and wounded Hannibal himself. For a few days after this the fighting was discontinued. The Saguntines — men, women, and children — repaired the walls, and raised new defences where there seemed to be need of them. As soon as Hannibal could appear abroad, the attacks were renewed with even greater fury than before. The soldiers were mounted on movable towers, which were wheeled to the walls, so that they were on a level with the besieged. So numerous were these towers and the battering rams, that there was hardly room enough for them. At length a large breach was made in the wall, and the Africans rushed to the charge secure of victory. But they were met by solid lines of men drawn up as on an open plain, line within line, and many of them armed with the terrible *falaric*. This was a shaft of fir tipped with an iron head a yard long, and

bound, at the point where the head was fastened, with tow dipped in pitch. The tow being set on fire, the weapon was hurled with amazing force and skill into the advancing ranks of the enemy. After a fierce struggle the Africans were driven back.

Hannibal then caused it to be proclaimed that the city would be given up to the soldiers to plunder and burn at their will; and they were eager for another assault. The besieged, worn out with labor and watching, could not defend the city equally well on all sides at once; and while the men in the different stories of the movable towers engaged the Saguntines in a hand-to-hand combat, five hundred Carthaginians with pickaxes undermined the wall at the bottom — an easy task, since the cement was only clay. A portion of the wall fell down, and the troops, rushing in, seized a hillock, and fortified themselves within the town itself.

Still undiscouraged, the Saguntines raised other walls in the very face of the enemy, despising danger and death, and anxious only to preserve their freedom to the last moment.

Finding that there was no longer hope, many of the principal men gathered the gold and silver from the public treasury and their own stores, with rich garments, furniture, and whatever they most valued, and piling them upon a great fire which had been kindled in the market place, cast themselves also headlong into it. Many burned themselves with their families in their own houses. At this moment of confusion a tower fell with a tremendous roar, and Hannibal, forcing his way through the opening, ordered every grown-up person to be slaughtered. The soldiers put out the fires that were raging in every direction, and enriched themselves with the spoil, although vast quantities had been before destroyed.

To this dreadful fate the selfishness of the Romans condemned a brave people struggling against a tyranny too heavy to be borne.

CHAPTER II.

VIRIATUS, THE SHEPHERD HERO.

FEARING that Hannibal would indeed march into Italy, as the Saguntines had prophesied, the Romans desired to make friends of the Spanish tribes, and to form with them a confederation against the Carthaginians. The chiefs received their ambassadors coolly. "Shame on you!" cried one of them. "The Saguntines perished through your treachery, and now you ask us to take their place. Go, rather, where their fate is not known. The ruins of their city will be to us a constant warning not to place any confidence in the promise of Rome."

Praises and money, however,— still more the promise that they should be free,—won over some of them. They began to say, "We do not know much about the affairs of the Romans. Perhaps they really could not aid the Saguntines at the moment when help was needed. They seem truthful. We will trust them once

more." So they joined Scipio, the Roman general, who thus found himself strong enough to commence the war; and the Carthaginians were driven out of the peninsula.

A terrible event threatened to end in the loss of Spain to Rome. The governors, Lucullus and Galba, marched into the interior of the country with the determination to cut off the tribes one by one. The story of their crimes passed from lip to lip, and some of the peoples on the banks of the Tagus sent messengers to Galba, offering to submit to him on the conditions formerly agreed upon between them. Galba received the messengers with outward kindness. He proposed even to better the terms before offered, and to give such as should surrender a more fruitful soil than that which they then occupied.

"Come," said he, "not only by families, but in whole tribes, if you choose. You shall have the best land, and privileges as great as you can reasonably ask."

Pleased with this prospect, thirty thousand Spaniards went to the Roman camp. Galba spoke cheeringly to them, and pretended to give

them certain fertile lands. He then took away their arms, under pretence that they would not need them in an agricultural life.

Next he fell upon them with his army killed nine thousand, and made twenty thousand prisoners, whom he sold as slaves into Gaul. A few only escaped, and among them the most wonderful man of his time: —

VIRIATUS, THE SHEPHERD HERO.

Upon the shore of what is now Portugal, was a hilly tract of land, nearly treeless, and bearing grass neither very abundant nor very sweet. In the midst of it stood a poor little hut, which the wind shook when it came driving in from the sea, and through whose roof the rain beat whenever there was a heavy storm. It was a desolate spot at all times. Looking inland, the eye fell upon low ranges of mountains clothed with stunted pines and firs. To the west and south stretched the ocean, upon which no sail was ever spread. Here lived Viriatus, careful only of his flock, which he tended as kindly as his means permitted. He cared nothing for the solitude, and knew nothing of fear. He

only laughed when the spring tide, sweeping furiously inland, touched his very door, and he listened with pleasure to the uproar of the tempest when at its full strength. But there was a great purpose in his mind the while, and for this he was preparing. From childhood he had listened eagerly to accounts of the miseries of his countrymen, and he longed to strike at least one blow for freedom. Opportunities for service are never long wanting to the able and willing. There was a grand yearly sheep-shearing in May, with many festivities. Viriatus was not social in his habits, but he saw how he might turn this festival to advantage, and went with the rest. Scarcely was the business commenced, when he artfully led the conversation to the Romans and their cruelties. He encouraged each one present to add a story or give an opinion, until all were excited.

"We are of one mind," exclaimed one of the speakers, "but, alas! we have no leader."

"Take me," replied Viriatus, casting aside his great shears, and springing forward. "Take me. I am young, but I am strong and true. I will lead you to victory."

He looked a mighty chief as he stood there, with his burning eye, his tall figure, and his noble patriotism. For a minute all gazed silently at him. Then a shout arose, "Hail, Viriatus! Hail, chief of Iberia! Hail, Viriatus! Hail! Hail!"

So hearty was the cry, that some Romans at a distance, alarmed lest the natives were in arms, inquired the cause.

"Only some drunken brutes, merry over their cups," was the answer.

"These are all that we have left them to be merry over," said a boy of the party.

Neither dreamed of the result of the rustic sheep-shearing.

The first step of Viriatus was to gather and discipline a band of real patriots. The next was to place sentinels in every direction. Then, whenever small bodies of Romans were discovered, he rushed from the mountains, and destroyed or put them to flight. The wealth thus obtained he divided into two portions. One of these he gave to his troops, the other he gave to the poor. He kept only a trifle himself. He needed but little, for nothing

could exceed the plainness of his habits. He was so afraid of growing delicate that he never allowed himself a bed. He wore the coarsest garments, drank water only, and lived upon bread and meat.

With all his cares and labors, he found time to fall in love. His love was returned, too, although his wooing was not at all in the modern style. The lady's father was one of the wealthiest men in the peninsula, and he thought that he could not do too much to honor the shepherd chief. So he gave a fine marriage feast. The floors were covered with rich carpets. The tables glittered with gold and silver dishes, heaped with every dainty which could be obtained. The bridegroom did not appear until the hour for dinner. He entered, lance in hand, as usual, gave an angry look at the elegancies around, and ate, standing, of the simplest thing he could find. He was then wedded to the maiden, with the customary ceremonies. The instant they were concluded, and before any one perceived his intentions, he caught his new wife in his arms,

placed her upon his horse, sprang up behind her, and galloped to his camp.

The followers of Viriatus rapidly increased. They were not able to meet the enemy on the open plain, but their chief tried many stratagems, in which he was very successful. One day, in the western part of Andalusia, his men were surprised by ten thousand Romans. Seeing that it was useless to attempt to fight, they were about to surrender, when the voice of Viriatus thundered across the field. They drew round him instantly.

"If the wolf growls, cannot the dog so much as show his teeth?" he exclaimed. "Now, swear that you will obey my commands."

"We swear!" answered the men.

"Form, then, in line of battle to the right and left of the cavalry. Wait till I mount my horse. As I make the spring, fly for life, each man for himself, and meet me under the walls of Tribola."

The soldiers formed, while the Romans jested lightly about the raw troops whom they would destroy in ten minutes from the first trumpet note. Suddenly Viriatus leaped to his horse,

and, lo, the whole body of footmen vanished among the steep and unknown mountain paths. Surprise kept the Romans motionless for a few minutes, and then they rushed upon the little body of cavalry, only one thousand in number. They charged the empty air. Viriatus drew off as they advanced, with his front towards them, and in perfect order. They halted. He halted also. Again they charged. Again he retreated, with his ranks unbroken, and presenting a solid wall of lances. Thus the two armies manœuvred until the second night, when the Lusitanians broke, as the infantry had done, and disappeared almost as quickly as they.

The Romans also pressed forward, and, while passing through a wood, they came upon Viriatus with only a handful of followers. He seemed frightened, and ran, drawing his pursuers into a marsh. He and his men were able, from their knowledge of it, to cross in safety; but the Romans struggled, and nearly sank. At the moment when their distress was greatest, a trumpet blast was heard, and from behind the close pines in front dashed some sharpshooters, who destroyed or took prisoners nearly

one half of the embarrassed enemy. Viriatus was afterwards victorious in three pitched battles, with three different generals.

The city of Segorbe, in Valencia, would neither send troops nor money, nor in any way contribute towards the expense of the war. Viriatus could not take it by assault, but he placed some of his men in ambush at a short distance from it, and then sent others to seize the flocks and herds which were feeding beyond the walls. Many of the inhabitants hastened to save their property, fell into the ambuscade, and were killed. The remainder, instead of issuing to their aid, shut the gates. Viriatus was not discouraged. He pretended to abandon the siege, but when at the distance of three days' journey he halted. Waiting for all fear to die away, he returned secretly by rapid marches, forced his way in, and took possession of the town.

Viriatus had recovered nearly half the Roman conquests in the peninsula. Rome was alarmed, and sent Quintus Fabius Maximus with seventeen thousand soldiers. Still Viriatus might have made Spain independent, had his country-

men remained true to him. But some of the tribes were continually changing sides, and fighting, now with him, and now against him. He continued to be successful, but, at last, after having drawn the Roman army into a place where he could easily have destroyed it, its general persuaded him to grant a peace upon reasonable terms.

Cæpio was then sent from Rome with orders to continue the war, but as if without the knowledge of the authorities there. He accordingly attacked Viriatus without warning. The latter had dismissed most of his troops. He, however, formed those which remained, ordered the infantry to fly, covered it with his cavalry, and thus saved all. Anxious to learn why the Romans had thus broken their word, he sent three of his officers to their camp to inquire the reason. The base Cæpio, finding them ambitious and greedy, offered them a magnificent reward if they would kill their general.

Viriatus slept little, and always in armor; but he had no guards. His tent was open day and night. The murderers entered without difficulty, and plunged their swords into his

breast. Then they crept silently out. Silently they passed through the camp. Swiftly they returned to Cæpio to claim the promised reward.

"As the labor, so the pay," said Cæpio. "Begone, traitors, before I order you to be strangled."

Frightened, disappointed, and enraged, they fled. A few hours before, they were trusted and beloved by their chief, honored by the army, and admired by all the tribes. Now, scorned by the very men to whom they had sold their country, there was no spot in the whole peninsula where they could find even safety.

It was a fitting punishment; but Cæpio was equally guilty, and he, also, was punished, although not then, nor there. Some writers say that he was banished, while others say that he was killed in prison. He had no son, and his daughters brought upon him disgrace and sorrow.

Splendid funeral rites were paid to Viriatus. Even his enemies were compelled to acknowledge his genius, his courage, his patience in

ill, and his moderation in good fortune, his patriotism, his generosity, and his strict control over his passions.

His successor made another peace with the Romans.

CHAPTER III.

HOW A WHITE FAWN HELPED TO FIGHT THE SPANISH BATTLES.

During the civil wars of the Roman republic, it often happened that the defeated general fled to Spain. There he collected his followers, hired soldiers, made alliances with the native tribes, and fought again. It was thus during the furious contest of Marius and Scylla for the control of public affairs. Quintus Sertorius belonged to the party of Marius, and when Scylla was victorious he was obliged to fly. He succeeded in reaching Spain, and immediately began to make friends among the natives. This was easy. The people clearly understood that, though a Roman by birth, he hated the authorities at Rome, and was hated by them.

A hunter found a doe with a beautiful white fawn. He could not catch the doe, but he took the fawn and carried it to Sertorius. The little thing was not at all afraid. She followed

her master about like a dog, ate from his hand, and lay at his feet while he read or wrote. The great general had no dear wife and no darling children, and he soon loved the fawn as the fawn loved him. Sometimes, when she was asleep on the gay tiger robes, her coat looking all the whiter by the contrast with the brilliant yellow and glossy black of the skins, he called her "Snowflake." Sometimes, when she grew red in the light of the fiery embers in the brazen pan, he called her "Ruby." Sometimes, when he awoke at night, and found her nestled at his side, with her bright eyes fixed watchfully upon him, he called her "Fidelity," which was certainly the sweetest name of the three.

One night, while they were having a silent talk together with their eyes, his mind wandered to the woods where she was born. Then he thought of Diana, one of the goddesses worshipped by the Romans. He pictured her to himself bearing her bow and arrows, and hunting with the dogs given her by Pan.

"Perhaps she sent you to me, little one," he said to himself—"that is, if there is any

Diana;" and he laughed, for he did not believe the fables of the priests and poets. Then he continued, "But if I don't believe in her, there are enough who do, and numbers who will trust me more, and obey me better, if they think me favored by her. Ah, that is a wise thought. I will give out that you are a gift of Diana, and that through you I communicate with her."

Acting upon this plan, Sertorius began to hint that the fawn was really something more than she seemed. She was no longer suffered to go about at will. She was carefully attended, was fed on dainty food, and was seen only on great occasions. When the attention of the army was fully excited, he announced that she was sent him by Diana, who directed him through her. If he learned that the enemy was preparing to attack some city, or was trying to persuade the inhabitants to rebel, he declared that the fawn had warned him to have his forces in readiness for action. If he received intelligence of a victory gained by his officers, he concealed the messenger who brought it. Then he presented the fawn, crowned with

flowers, and bade the people rejoice and sacrifice to the gods, for that they would soon hear good news.

After a while the Spaniards became assured that Sertorius was in truth a favorite of heaven, and received advice from thence. They would, however, have been less easily deceived had he not been so skilful and fortunate a general.

Among his allies were the Langobritæ. They were besieged by Metellus, who was in the service of the Roman republic. Knowing that they had but one well in their stronghold, the latter furnished his forces with five days' provisions only. Sertorius immediately ordered two thousand skins to be filled with water, and sent them by his swiftest and trustiest messengers along difficult mountain paths, with directions to take away all useless persons when they delivered the vessels. Metullus was thus kept before the place longer than he had expected, and sent Aquilius with six thousand men to obtain supplies. Sertorius, who was on the lookout, stationed a band in the shady channel of a brook, who attacked Aquilius in the rear

at the moment when he himself charged in front. They killed many, and took the rest prisoners. Aquilius fled with the loss of his horse and arms; and Metellus was driven away in disgrace.

The Characitani rebelled. They dwelt in caves high up in the side of a mountain. They believed that no army could get near them, and they insulted Sertorius when he encamped on the plain below. But he observed that the mouths of their dens all faced the north, and that, at that period of the year, a strong north wind blew constantly. Instead, therefore, of trying to climb to their abodes, he threw up a great hill of dry and crumbly earth opposite them. The barbarians laughed loudly, but they did not laugh long. The soldiers galloped up and down on the light soil, and the wind blew the dust upon them in such thick clouds that they were nearly choked by it. On the third day the Characitani surrendered.

One of the officers of Sertorius, named Perpenna, desired to become commander-in-chief of the army. With the aid of some of his friends he murdered that general at a banquet

to which he had invited him. The conspirators, however, perished miserably. A part were beheaded, a part were shot, and the only one who escaped lived poor and despised among the barbarians.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROBBER CHIEF.

SERTORIUS would not, had he lived longer, have made the Spaniards independent; but they thought that he intended to do so, and they mourned for him long and deeply. With his death they lost all hope of liberty. Pompey, the Roman general, was completely victorious, except in Northern Spain, which was never really conquered.

When the Roman republic became an empire, Augustus, its first emperor, declared Spain a Roman province. He ruled it with a measure of wisdom. He built roads and bridges, founded colonies, freed some towns from taxation, and gave offices to many of the natives. He secured the confidence of the people also, as was shown in the case of Baracota. This man was at the head of a wicked but courageous band, who feared nothing, and lived by robbery and murder. Soldiers had

often been sent against him; but these he defeated, or escaped from them. Augustus offered a sum of money to any one who would bring him to the authorities either alive or dead. Then Baracota trembled. His own followers might be tempted to betray him. He dared not go abroad lest they should show the officers the way to his strongholds. He scarcely dared to sleep, lest they should come upon him while thus defenceless. Tired of a life which was little better than death, he went himself to the emperor. He confessed his crimes, promised to amend, and not only claimed pardon, but demanded the price which had been set upon his head. The courage of the robber, and his faith in the imperial mildness, pleased Augustus, and he granted all that he asked.

Augustus was beloved by the Spaniards. They built altars to him while alive, and temples after his death.

From this period the history of Spain forms a part of that of Rome. Except in the extreme north and north-west, her language, laws, learning, art, manners, and dress were those of Rome. The first foreigner who ever rose

to the consulship of Rome was Balbus, of Cadiz. The first foreign emperor of Rome was Trajan, who was born near Seville. Prosperous with Rome, Spain shared also in her decline and fall.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARTYRS OF TARRAGONA.

It is not known at what time the Christian religion was introduced into Spain. The Spaniards believe that St. James preached there. They say, also, that while at Saragossa he was visited by the Virgin Mary, who commanded him to build a church to her honor on the spot where she appeared to him. There is some reason for supposing that St. Paul taught in some of the provinces, especially in Andalusia; but this is by no means certain. There were martyrs there as early as the second century — possibly in the first.

Fructuosus, Bishop of Tarragona, suffered under the contemptible Roman emperor Gallienus. Æmilianus, governor of Northern Spain, during his rule, published an order commanding all men, on pain of death, to sacrifice to the gods. But Fructuosus, his deacons, Augurius and Eulogius, and a part of his church,

continued to worship as usual. One day some officers knocked loudly at the door of the bishop's house. He opened it himself, and they said, "We have come to take you before the governor's judgment seat."

"I obey," he answered; "wait only till I dress."

He was accompanied by Augurius and Eulogius. All three were speedily condemned, and sent to the public prison, loaded with chains. On the way thither, Fructuosus encouraged his friends. "Persevere with me," said he. "Be firm in the faith, as becomes the ministers of Christ. Let not death frighten you. It will bring its own reward. Imprisonment and bonds are the doors through which the children of God must, in these times, approach him."

In a few days the three were again called before Æmilianus.

"Are you acquainted," asked the governor "with the command of the emperor?"

"What command?" returned the bishop.

"That you must adore the gods."

"I adore one God only," replied the bishop.

"I adore Him who has created heaven and earth."

"Are you, then, ignorant that there are many gods?"

"I am."

"What! not adore the gods? not reverence the statues of the emperors?" exclaimed Æmilianus. Then, turning to Augurius, he asked, "Do you also share the errors of Fructuosus?"

"Like him," answered the deacon, "I adore one almighty God."

"And do you, too," asked the governor, angrily, of Eulogius—"do you adore this Fructuosus?"

"It is not Fructuosus whom I worship," replied Eulogius, "but Him to whom Fructuosus prays."

Æmilianus was silent a moment, and then asked of Fructuosus, "Are you a bishop?"

"I am," he replied.

The three were then sentenced to be burned. They did not even turn pale when approaching the fatal spot, although many persons crowded about Fructuosus to sympathize with and take leave of him. He gently reproved

those who wept. "My brethren," he said, "fear not that you will ever want pastors; the love and grace of God will never fail you, either in this life or in the life to come. Do not mourn. This torment will not last an hour."

All the victims knelt in the flames, as if before an altar, and raised their hands upward in prayer and thanksgiving.

The emperors Aurelian and Diocletian persecuted the church. Constantine followed in A. D. 306. Under him Christianity became the religion of the state.

CHAPTER VI.

KING PAUL AND HIS LEATHER CROWN.

THE northern tribes which conquered Rome overran Spain also. The Franks, the Suevi, the Alans, and the Vandals followed each other, burning and slaying as they marched. Great numbers of these passed into Africa; the remainder were overcome by the Western Goths, or Visigoths, who succeeded them in 411. They were tall and strong, with fair complexions and yellow hair. They were barbarians, but they were partially civilized. They had been in Italy, and had become acquainted with the Roman laws and language, and the Christian religion. They were a restless people, and not very obedient to their rulers. Their government was a monarchy — in part hereditary, and in part elective.

One of their best kings was named Wamba. He was getting old when he was elected. He had filled various important offices, and pre-

ferred to remain in a private station. He refused the dignity, until one of the dukes of the palace placed a poniard at his breast, with the words, "A tomb or a throne — choose!"

Wamba no longer hesitated. He was wise and just in many of his measures; but he was a bigot. He exiled from his kingdom all the Jews who refused to be baptized. Already the Biscayans and Gothic Gaul were in rebellion, and the exiles flocked to the scene of war, burning to be revenged upon their persecutors.

Among the courtiers was a Greek named Paul; he was vain, deceitful, and cunning. The king sent him with an army to subdue the rebels. Paul persuaded his troops to revolt, gained over various cities and fortresses, and, by false words, prevailed upon the Goths of Gaul to proclaim him king. He then wrote to Wamba a silly letter, in which he said that if he had, with his breast, broken down the trees of the forest, outstripped the deer in speed, overcome bears, and triumphed over poisonous serpents, he might properly march against himself; but hinted that if he had not done all these things it would be useless to set out.

Wamba laughed, saying, "The boaster need not be feared." As soon as possible he entered Catalonia; he retook city after city, and finally appeared before Nismes, where Paul had collected his bravest troops. During the whole day the army exerted its utmost strength against the place. The next morning found ten thousand additional troops drawn up before it. The garrison was discouraged; but Paul said, "Our enemies have been hitherto successful; old Wamba has triumphed, but only where he has met with little or no resistance. He finds now that he has not only to do with hard walls, but with hearts stouter than walls. He has brought out his whole force. Destroy that handful of men yonder, and you may march from the Rhone to the Tagus."

The soldiers defended the walls vigorously. By and by they said, "These Goths are no cowards, as you have pretended, Paul;" and they began to murmur at the selfishness to which they had been sacrificed.

The combat had raged five hours. "Come!" shouted Wamba's general, "bring fire and scaling ladders. The sun is already high in the

heavens, and it will be shameful if we do not take the city before it goes down."

The order had been long expected, and almost instantly the scalers darted forward. Protected by shields joined together, they placed their ladders; while another band, under cover of a shower of arrows, set fire to the gate. The contest was terrible, but short. A portion of the city was won. The citizens, enraged that they had been drawn into the war, killed the flying soldiers. They, however, spared Paul; he threw off his royal garments and hid himself in the vaults of the amphitheatre.

Early on the following morning the Bishop of Nismes went to meet Wamba. He begged pardon for the town so earnestly that he obtained a promise that no one should be condemned to death. The king entered in triumph. He pardoned the inhabitants, gave liberty to many captives, and commanded his rival to be dragged from his hiding place and put in prison.

Having provided for the peace of Gothic Gaul, Wamba made a triumphal entry into his capital, Toledo. Before him went the rebels

with shaven heads and chins, bare feet, and in garments of camel's or goat's hair. Most conspicuous among them was Paul, with a high leather crown, at which the populace laughed and jested. This over, he, with a few of his more guilty companions, was shut up in the monastery of Toledo.

Wamba was prudent, firm, and upright; but a curious event put an end to his rule. In 680 he became suddenly insensible. He seemed to be dying; and, as was the custom, his head was shaven, and he was robed in a penitential habit. By these acts he was made a monk; and although he gave no consent to them, they were declared binding by the cunning priests. Therefore when he recovered, twenty-four hours afterwards, he found himself without a kingdom or family, shut out from office, honors, and domestic love. It was useless to resist, and he entered the monastery of Pampliega, near Burgos, where he ended his days.

In 709, Roderic, the last king of all Gothic Spain, ascended the throne. He is supposed to have owed his elevation to a party which rose against his predecessor, Witiza, and drove

him into exile. The two sons of Witiza, with their relatives, Count Julian, and Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, rebelled against him. They were unsuccessful, and they called the Arabs to their aid.

CHAPTER VII.

A KINGDOM LOST AND WON.

Arabia is the great peninsula which forms the south-western extremity of Asia. At a very early period it was inhabited by two classes of people. One of these classes dwelt in towns. They sowed and reaped, and traded with each other. They knew something of astronomy, and they prided themselves upon the purity with which they spoke their native language, and upon their poetry, of which they were very fond. They were, for the most part, peaceful. The tribes of the other class, on the contrary, lived in tents. They drank the milk of their camels, and ate the flesh of their flocks and herds, together with dates and coarse bread. When the grass failed in one spot, they moved to another.

Different tribes worshipped different objects, — the sun, moon, stars, — and at least one idol, called "Alat." The city of Mecca was con-

sidered holy. Here Mahomet, or Mohammed, was born, probably in 572. He pretended that he was taught by God, who, he said, made his will known to him through the angel Gabriel. He thus made himself the civil, military, and spiritual ruler of his countrymen.

He declared that there is but one God, and that he himself was his only prophet. He required his followers to pray five times a day,—at the dawn, at midday, in the afternoon, at sunset, and at nightfall,—to bathe often, to fast, and to give alms. He forbade them wine, but he permitted them to marry several wives, and promised them a heaven abounding in such pleasures as he knew they would like best. He was not content with preaching his doctrines. He commanded his disciples to fight for their faith, assuring them that the sins of every soldier should be forgiven, and that all who should fall in battle against men of another belief would go directly to paradise. This roused the troops to the highest enthusiasm, and they fought without fear, as happy to die as to live.

These people—called Mahometans, Moham-

medans, Moslems, Moslemen, and Moslemah—quickly overran almost all Northern Africa. The fortresses of Tangier, Arsilla, and Ceuta, alone, belonging to Roderick, the Gothic king, held out against them. Thinking of this, one sunny afternoon, Muza, the commander-in-chief of the western army, said to himself, "On the north, the sea; to the south, the desert. There will soon be nothing left to conquer."

He had scarcely spoken when he perceived that an angry conversation was in progress at the door of his tent.

"The man surrendered at the outpost, and asked to see the commander-in-chief," said one speaker.

"Suppose he did," was the reply. "People generally surrender when they are one to ten, and an army in front."

"Look you, Sir Sentinel," began a third, "I must see your master. My business cannot wait. Here is gold. Here are jewels. You can refuse; but take care of your head when it comes to the knowledge of his highness, as it surely shall."

"Open!" called Muza; and the silk curtain

was lifted, and the stranger stepped into his presence.

"Your name?" asked Muza.

"Recared, a Goth, a messenger from Count Julian, governor of Ceuta."

"Your papers!" demanded the general.

"I have none," returned Recared; "I could not venture to bring any. The least suspicion of the count's plans would be death to him and his friends."

"Go on," said Muza.

"King Roderick is a usurper," continued Recared. "He wears the crown of Witiza and his sons. Count Julian would gladly see it restored to the rightful owner, but he cannot do this without help. He asks it of you. If you grant it he will yield Ceuta, and will enable you to land, without much trouble, on his possessions in the south of Spain."

"What other motive has Count Julian beside his desire for the welfare of those princes whom you mention?" asked Muza.

"He has been wronged, and would be revenged," replied Recared.

"Ah! hatred and revenge! They are fiery

passions. They will drive him fast and far. And, after the landing of which you spoke, what then? The Gothic monarchy is great and splendid. Doubtless its soldiers are in number like the sands of the sea."

"The monarchy is, indeed, great and splendid without," returned Recared, "but it is weak and divided within. Its armies are large, but undisciplined. The Spaniards have the indolent habits common in warm climates. Wealth and fame may be won there with few and slight blows."

"Young man," said Muza, "your words are strange. I cannot at once trust you. If you are a spy, you are welcome to carry back a report of our numbers and position. If you are what you profess to be, you can say to your master that he may send again in three days, and we will decide the matter. The password is Mecca. It will carry you safely through the camp."

Scarcely had the messenger departed when Muza sent for some African travellers, whom he questioned as to the wealth of Spain.

"It is wonderful alike for beauty and fer-

tility," said they. "It is watered by noble rivers. Vast pastures swarm with flocks and herds. Wine gushes from its vineyards. Metals lie hidden in exhautless mines. India herself is not richer in flowers and perfumes."

Muza was pleased, but prudent. He consulted the caliph. Still doubtful, he sent Tarik, an able general, to commence operations.

Upon landing in Spain, Tarik burned his ships, thus depriving his men of all hope except in victory. King Roderick advanced to meet him, July 26, 711, with ninety thousand men. As the army poured into the plains of Sidonia, and encamped by the Gaudalete, famous for its golden grapes, it looked as if it could not be beaten; but it was not as strong as it seemed. Only the front and rear ranks were protected by coats of mail and steel cuirasses. Of the rest, some were provided with pikes, lances, shields, and swords; others had bows and arrows, darts and slings; while others, still, bore short scythes, clubs, or battle-axes only. The Goths were unaccustomed to fight, and were hastily drawn together by the common danger. The Arabs made war both their busi-

ness and pleasure. Light of limb, active as squirrels, careless of heat, cold, and hunger, proud to die for the furtherance of their faith, they bore down all before them. The two armies met with a terrific shock. The bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, the clash of cymbals, the whiz and rush of weapons, were fearful. Added to these sounds were the uproar of repeated charges of cavalry, the trampling of infantry closing, struggling, yielding, retreating, and closing again; the orders thundered along the ranks, the shouts of triumph and the war cries gathering the troops round their banners. So the day went by, and both hosts lay down at night, fully armed, upon the field.

With the dawn they renewed the struggle; and the second night Spaniard and Arab slept again amidst the wounded and dying. On the third morning the Arabs began to waver. Sixteen thousand corpses lay around. Tarik, riding through the ranks, called aloud, "O Moslemah! conquerors of Africa! whither do you fly? The sea rolls behind you, and you have no ships. Follow! I will lead you

to victory! Gaula!"—(So may God help me.)

Then, charging furiously upon the Goths, he strove to break through to King Roderick, who, robed in silk, with a diadem of pearls, sat in an ivory car drawn by white mules. At the same time, the two sons of Witiza and the Archbishop of Toledo, who occupied a post of the utmost importance, went over to the Arabs. As the rumor of this treachery flew from front to rear—from the centre to the wings—the soldiers gave up hope and fled. Roderick threw aside his royal garments, mounted his favorite horse, Orelia, and escaped the enemy only to drown in the waters of the Guadalquivir.

This battle broke the power of the Gothic monarchy. Some resistance was made to the invaders in different quarters, but it was not united or successful. After the conquest of Spain, the Arabs were called Saracens, or people of the East; also Moors, as in part coming from Mauritania. They had no right to the kingdom, neither had the Goths whom they subdued. They were liberal to their new sub-

jects. They permitted them to keep their property, to worship as they pleased, to be governed, in most cases, by their own laws, to serve in the army, and to fill some civil offices. These paid higher taxes than the Moslemah. They were sometimes treated harshly; but in the sad story of mutual wrongs and suffering, the Spanish Arabs show to great advantage beside the Catholic priests.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE MURCIAN WOMEN OUTWITTED THE MOORS.

THEODOMIR, a Gothic noble, drew off his own forces in good order from the fatal field of the Gaudalete. He marched towards Murcia, in which his estates lay. Other Murcian nobles joined him, and soon chose him king.

"All is not lost," he said, "while life and honor remain to us. We will keep in the mountains, where a handful of soldiers can delay a host."

So when Abdelaziz, the son of Muza, who had come over from Africa with his father, advanced against him, he was careful to take such positions as would cover his men and hide the fewness of their number. Wherever the paths were steepest, the passages most narrow and winding, one, two, three, sharp trumpet notes were heard, then one, two, three, in answer; and before the last had died away, the bare rocks, which were a moment before so silent, swarmed

with soldiers. From every cliff, every crag which it was impossible for an enemy to climb or avoid, arrows were shot and lances hurled thick and fast, and men and horses fell thick and fast beneath them.

At last, however, Theodomir was compelled to a pitched battle. His troops, worn with toil, were at once routed, and were pursued to the very walls of the Murcian city of Orihuela. The Moors were already preparing for an assault, when Theodomir commanded the women to put on men's garments, to arm, and to range themselves upon the walls and towers. Abdelaziz was deceived. He recalled his order, and proceeded with more caution.

This was what Theodomir desired. He had thus time to demand a safe conduct, which was readily granted. A horseman then left the gate, plainly dressed and wholly unattended. Entering the Moorish camp, he requested to be conducted to the general, who, pleased with the mingled gallantry and respect of his address, received him with courtesy.

"I am come," said he, "to treat for the surrender of Orihuela; but I can sign only such

conditions as become a great general to offer, and a courageous, though unfortunate, king to accept. The brave respect the brave," he added, "and I believe Theodomir has fairly entitled himself to your regard."

"He has, indeed, young man," returned Abdalaziz; "and that he has obtained it I will soon show." Then calling a secretary, the general dictated a treaty in the following words:—

"*Written Contract of Peace between Abdalaziz Ben Muza Ben Noseir and Theodomir Ben Gobdos, King of the Land of Theodomir.*

"In the name of God, the Clement and Merciful, Abdelaziz and Theodomir make this Treaty of Peace—may God confirm and protect it. Theodomir shall keep the command over his own people, but over no other people among those of his faith. There shall be no war between his subjects and the Arabs, nor shall the children or women of his people be led captive. They shall not be disturbed in the exercise of their religion: their churches shall not be burnt, nor shall any services be demanded from them, or obligations be laid on them — those expressed in this treaty alone excepted. This treaty shall

extend its conditions over the seven cities Orihuela, Valentina, Alicante, Mula, Bocsara, Ota, and Lorca. Theodomir shall not receive our enemies, nor fail in fidelity to us, and he shall not conceal whatever hostile purposes he may know to exist against us. His nobles and himself shall pay the tribute of a dinar or aureo [something less than nine shillings] each year, with four measures of wheat and four of barley; of mead, vinegar, honey, and oil, each four measures. All the vassals of Theodomir, and every man subject to tax, shall pay the half of these taxes."

"This is written on the fourth day of the Moon Regib, in the ninety-fourth of the Hegira, [flight of Mohammed from Mecca;] and the witnesses thereto are Otzman Ben Abi Abda, Habib Ben Abi Obeida, Edris Ben Maicera, and Abulcasim El Mezeli."

The messenger read and signed the treaty. Then rising, he said, "These terms are more generous than I had dared even to hope. Allow me to thank you, General Abdelaziz, in my own name and in that of my people, for I am myself Theodomir, the Murcian king."

In his delight, Abdelaziz sprang up and embraced his guest. Then he ordered a banquet to be prepared, with every delicacy that the camp afforded. They ate and drank together like old friends, the one gratified with the confidence placed in him, the other grateful that his people would be spared the horrors of an assault.

The feasting over, Theodomir returned, accompanied by the most distinguished chiefs of the hostile army as a guard of honor. As soon as it was fairly light the next morning all the gates were thrown open, and Theodomir sallied out at the head of his few remaining troops, and a procession of the principal citizens. At a short distance from the walls he met Abdelaziz surrounded by his commanders, and followed by a chosen body of horse and foot. They saluted courteously, and then the two rode side by side into the city. It looked almost deserted, and the Moor asked, with surprise, "What have you done with the soldiers which yesterday manned your walls and towers?"

"They are at this moment, doubtless, watching us from every window and loophole which affords a view of our entrance," replied Theod-

omir. "Those soldiers were not the fathers and sons, but the wives and daughters, of Orihuela."

"But the beard?" persisted Abdelaziz, laughing.

"Ah, the beard," replied the king, laughing in his turn. "The beard was the long locks of matron and maid carefully folded to look like the shaggy growth of the warrior."

"Good! good!" exclaimed the general. "If your king Roderic had been as wise as you, we had never so nearly won a kingdom on the banks of the Gaudalete."

The mention of that fatal day drew a sigh from Theodomir; but recovering himself, he welcomed his guest to his palace, and entertained him and his guards royally for three days. At the end of that time the Moor went away, without himself injuring, or permitting his men to injure, any thing in the city.

Theodomir reigned until the year 743, when he was succeeded by Athanagild. Athanagild is known to have reigned until about the year 755. At that time the kingdom of Murcia came to an end, but under what circumstances is not known.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAVERN PALACE.

When the first shock of defeat was over and people could decide what it was best to do, one said to another, "The Asturias has never been conquered. Let us fly thither; perhaps we can hide among the mountains."

So a few fled to the friendly solitudes; some on foot and alone; others mounted, two or three in company; some with only the garments which they wore; others armed, and with jewels and money in their girdles. Among them were nobles, priests, soldiers, — even women and children. Slowly but steadily their countrymen joined them. With increase of numbers came increase of confidence. They began to think of resistance. As the first step towards it, they elected one of their number king. His name was Pelayo.

Not many miles from the Bay of Biscay, the traveller comes upon a mountain stream called

the Deva. Tracing it towards its source, he finds it smooth and clear, overhung with the delicate birch, the white blossoming cherry, hazels rich in nuts, gray alders, and the rounded ash. Then it curls, and foams, and plunges between the cliffs, which almost close its passage. Again it spreads itself in the widening valley, where hill rises above hill; a part purple with heath or golden with gorse; a part bare and craggy, over which the eagle sails, and where only the lizard basks. At length the way is blocked by a steep rock, beyond which, however, height after height stretches far away. In this rock, about fifteen feet from the ground, is a cave which can shelter three hundred men. At the further extremity an opening does, or did, show a gushing fountain, which, leaping to the light, forms the sparkling Deva. This cavern is called St. Mary's, and this was the palace of Pelayo.

In process of time, the Moor Alhaur sent his general, Alxaman, to destroy this little band of patriots. Alxaman entered without hesitation upon the broken ground to which they had retreated; but with every step his

difficulties increased. At length he decided to send the traitor archbishop, Oppas, to inform Pelayo of the number and ardor of his troops, and to persuade him that resistance would be useless.

The archbishop undertook the task. He was led to the presence of Pelayo, who was working as busily as the meanest of his soldiers. He had scarcely stated his errand, when the king exclaimed, "Traitor and slave, were I even willing to treat with your master, I would have nothing to do with such as you. But here is my palace. Enter, and then tell your lord its size, strength, and position."

Oppas did so, but rather unwillingly. At the further end burned a great fire of charcoal, which sent a red glare over the sides and roof of the cavern. The furniture was curious and extraordinary. Gold lamps, from the cathedral of Toledo, hung from the centre, and upon ledges in the rock were silver cups, censers, and various articles intended for church service. Piles of armor glittered in every direction. Saddles and bridles, drums and trumpets, peeped out from amidst male and female

garments. Huge loaves of rye bread were heaped against the wall. Salmon, trout, and eels, ready for cooking, filled wicker baskets. Two fat bears, an ox, some rabbits and partridges, were strung up in an angle of the rock. Wooden plates, bowls, and spoons, with others of better material, were arranged wherever space permitted, while drinking cups, of horn, ivory, and gold, crowned a stack of pikes and lances.

"As you see," said Pelayo, "my kingdom is small, but secure. Say to your master that we can treat only with the points of our weapons."

Oppas returned to Alxaman, and as soon as possible the Moors were drawn up in order of battle. Pelayo waited until they had fairly begun to climb the heights upon which his men were posted. Then a single trumpet note was heard; the air rang with cries of "Pelayo and victory! St. James for the Asturias!" and at the instant huge rocks were rolled upon the ascending columns. Down, down, swiftly and still more swiftly, went the terrible weapons, hurling hundreds at once into

the valley, and crushing all before them. The Moors rush forward again. They run; they leap. But again the fearful artillery sweeps every thing in its way. The dead lie in piles. They try the other side of the mountain; there, also, great rocks and trees, driven forward by strong and desperate men, hew down their close ranks. They turn and fly in frightful disorder. This also had been expected; and now along the ravine, at every step, starts out an active and hardy soldiery. Showers of mingled stones and arrows cleave the skulls or pierce the hearts of the fugitives. Alxaman falls, while, with shouts and cries, he strives to encourage his division. His brother general, Suleyman, dies in the very act of waving on his battalions. Oppas, the traitor, falls into the hands of the Spaniards, and is put to death, as he deserves to be. Thousands upon thousands of the dead strow the path.

The news of this defeat flew southward, and Manuza, governor of Gijon, called in his scattered forces and began a retreat. He was too late. Pelayo overtook him, and after a fierce battle, slew him, and defeated his army

These were the first successes of the Spaniards against the Moors. They encouraged the troops, and secured Pelayo in the possession of the Asturias.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONARCHS OF CORDOVA.

SECTION I.

ABDERAHMAN, THE BOY KING.

FOR more than forty years after the invasion (entrance of an enemy) of Tarik and Muza, Spain suffered deeply. The Arabs are a jealous and fickle people; they are restless, easily offended, and quick to resent an affront. At that time there were among them many who knew no other life than that of the battle field. Added to this, the different tribes of Arabs and Moors were not compelled to live together, but had lands given them apart from each other. Thus their quarrels were kept alive, and grew only the more bitter through continued injuries.

Twenty ameers, or governors, ruled in those forty years. A few of them were wise and just; but they were, for the most part, hard

and cruel, and anxious only to get rich. The great generals were envious of each other, and fought furiously, dragging the poor people, both Arabs and Spaniards, from their homes to join their armies, however unwilling they might be. The caliphs were too busy at home to keep them in order, and the whole country seemed about to be ruined.

At length, eighty Moorish gentlemen of distinction met secretly at Cordova. They desired to speak together of the state of affairs, and to propose, if possible, some better method of managing them. Hayut, a general of ability, rose first. "Friends and brethren," he said, "the whole Arabian empire is shaken. The governors of Egypt and Africa are driving their subjects to rebellion, or planning for greater power. The Abassides occupy the throne of our old sovereigns, the Ommiades; but Spain does not acknowledge them. Even if she did, the caliphs are too far off to afford us real aid. As the first step to peace, our province must be declared a kingdom of itself. It must be governed by one man, and be wholly independent of Damascus."

"You are right!" exclaimed several voices; "but where shall we find a prince who has had no part in our quarrels, and who will seek the good of the whole, not that of a few only?"

All were silent at first. Then Ben Zahir replied, "I propose Abderahman, the son of Meruan II., of the house of the Ommiades. He is an exile, wandering in the deserts of Africa; yet is he beloved even among the barbarous tribes among whom he seeks a home."

"Good! good!" cried several gentlemen; "but we must proceed with caution."

"Yes," said Ben Melic; "let Ben Alkama and Ben Zahir find this youth, and offer him the crown. Let them assure him of our truth, should he see fit to accept the gift."

To this all agreed, and the two chiefs sailed for the African coast. While they are crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, and toiling through the sands of Mauritania, we will learn the story of

Abderahman, the Boy King.

After the death of Mohammed, the Arab throne, which was elective, (bestowed by

choice,) was given to Abubeker, then to Omar, each of whom was father-in-law to the prophet; then to Othman, his son-in-law, to Ali, another son-in-law; then to Moawiyah I., who founded the line of the Ommiades. Fourteen caliphs, or rulers of his house, reigned at Damascus. Meruan II. was the last; he was driven from his throne, and slain by Abul Abbas Azefah, a descendant of Abbas Ben Abdul Mottallib, who was uncle to Mohammed. Abul Abbas founded the house of the Abassides. He was assisted by his uncle, Abdallah, a brave but ferocious and treacherous man, who strove to destroy every living being connected with the Ommiades.

He invited ninety cavaliers of this race to a banquet; they, trusting his promises, attended. When all had assembled, Xiabil, a freedman of Abdallah, entered the apartment, and recited certain verses, in which mention was made of various cruel acts of which the ancestors of his guests had been guilty. These wound up with the words, "Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!" As the last was shrieked by Xiabil, the furious host com-

manded that these ninety cavaliers should be whipped to death. This was done by his slaves; and while they lay dying on the floor of the hall, the carpets were drawn over them, and the festivities proceeded as if nothing had happened. No one dared say a word against this dreadful deed, lest his own turn should come next.

Two sons of Meruan — Suleiman and Abderahman — also trusted the friendship of the new caliph, Abul Abbas, and dwelt at his court. But Abbas willingly listened to their enemies, and particularly to Sodaif. This man, knowing his master's disposition, one day repeated in his presence these lines: —

"Never believe thine eyes, for these may show thee
A false appearance. Oft beneath the arm
Lies hid the hand that soon shall work us woe;
But the good sword mends all; and to that end
Thou hast one at thy side. Wouldst thou be safe,
Lose not the time; and let no sun arise
Until from off the wide extent of earth
All trace shall vanish [be lost] of Omeya's line."

Abbas sprang from his cushion. "Let the boys die," he exclaimed; "let them die this very hour."

Fortunately Abderahman was absent when the officer reached his dwelling. Some of his friends were there, however, and one of them saddled the best horse in the stables, another filled a casket with jewels, while a third, snatching up a cloak, took all three to the youth, and bade him fly from Damascus.

"Alas, whither shall I go?" asked the prince. "Half Syria knows me. There is not a town which I dare enter."

"To the desert! to the desert!" was the reply. "Waste not a moment. Even now I hear the trampling of the caliph's guard."

Abderahman stooped from his saddle, wrung his friend's hand, and was out of sight in an instant.

The Bedouins received him gladly. They liked his face, so full of honesty. They liked, too, his cordial, simple ways. They were pleased that he ate heartily of their millet, pulse, rice, and dates, and that he cared for no stronger drink than camel's milk. In their merry contests (trials of strength or skill) he was always first. He swung the stone from his sling once and again into the very centre

of the mark; shot the arrow, and hurled the lance with certainty and ease. But even in the desert he could not rest, and with each morning he was compelled to change his abode.

He grew tired of wandering. He remembered that to his house Aben Habib, governor of Barca, in Africa, owed his fortune; and he hoped to find shelter under his rule. But Habib was ungrateful. He only desired to please his new master. He sent spies through the whole province, commanding the arrest of the prince, if possible. He did not know the Barcan Bedouins. They neither feared nor flattered the caliph; and the exile found friends wherever he stayed his footsteps.

One night a body of cavalry rode up to the *aduar*, or village of tents, in which he had taken refuge. It was late, but in that climate the night is finer than the day, and a group of talkers were still sitting about the door of the principal tent. Without getting off his horse, the captain asked, "Fathers, have you seen a strange youth to-day?"

"Yes, we've seen one," replied the chief, looking sharply at the questioner.

"Did he stop with you?" asked the officer.

"Yes, he stopped with us, but he has gone to a lion hunt in the valley of Alserin."

"When will he return?"

"To-morrow, at sunset; not earlier," answered the chief.

The soldiers galloped off in the direction of the valley mentioned. The chief went into the tent. He lighted a torch, and then gazed long at his guest. The boy was lying upon the ground beside his horse. The animal's bridle was wound round his arm, and his head rested on the saddle. His face was as peaceful as a babe's, and his sleep was deep and untroubled.

"He is innocent. I will save him," said the chief to himself. Then he spoke aloud, "Giafar Almanzor!" for that was the name by which the prince was known in the desert.

The youth sprang up hastily, and his horse, aroused also, neighed with pleasure at the touch of his hand.

"Giafar," said the chief, "the soldiers of

Aben Habib have been here within the hour seeking you. They did not say why, but I think that they meant you no good. I told them that you were our guest, but that you had gone to a lion hunt in the valley of Alserin."

"O, I thank you!" exclaimed the prince. "A thousand times I thank you. They did, indeed, mean me evil. I am Abderahman Ben Meruan, the rightful heir to the throne of Damascus. All my kindred have been slain by the Caliph Azefah. I have been robbed of my kingdom. I have been driven from my home. I have been scorned by the murderers of my family. I am hunted like a wild beast. I am the last of my race."

The chief nearly dropped his torch in amazement, but, recollecting himself, said, "Then you are no longer safe in Barca. You must go to the Zenetas, in Tahart, in Mauritania. From them your mother, Raha, sprung. They will welcome and defend you."

The news quickly spread through the *aduar* that the youth who had sought shelter there was really a prince; that soldiers were at that

moment on the lookout for him; and that he must instantly leave for Tahart, a distance of several days' journey.

"He must have a guide," said one.

"He must have an escort," said another.

In ten minutes all the young men in the *aduar* were begging to go to Tahart. Only six of them were chosen. Some skins were filled with water. A few bags of dates, and hard cakes of bread, baked in the ashes, were put up. Then the party set off swiftly and silently.

When Abderahman reached Tahart, the whole tribe offered him homage. The principal chief gave him a home in his house; and all strove to make him forget his sorrows.

Not long afterwards, Ben Alkama and Ben Zahir arrived. They desired to see him in private, when the former said, "My young friend, prince, and of right caliph, the Moslemah of Spain have sent us to offer you the throne of that kingdom. It is now in a wretched condition. It is broken and divided among ambitious leaders. You must, therefore, fight for your crown; but many of our best men,

and the great body of the people, will gladly receive and assist you."

Abderahman remained silent for a time, and then replied, "Illustrious generals, envoys of the Moslemah of Spain, I accept your proposal. I am young, but I have braved death many times, and in many ways. In courage I am not wanting; and such skill and experience as I may need, you can supply."

"Your answer pleases us," returned Ben Alkama. "We would add but one thing, and that is, our hope that you will keep the affair secret."

"That I cannot do," returned the prince. "I must tell the friends who have so kindly entertained me, and ask counsel of them."

Abderahman then called in a few of the chiefs, and told them all that had passed. One, who was his kinsman, replied, "Go, my son. Heaven wills it. We will aid you; for the honor of one's house must be maintained with the lance and horse."

Eight hundred and fifty soldiers followed Abderahman to Spain. He was then in all the freshness of his beauty. His sparkling,

blue eyes, fair complexion, ruddy cheeks, and slight but rounded form, his activity and grace, pleased at first sight, while his air and conversation were no less agreeable.

He landed on the coast of Andalusia early in the year 755. The principal chiefs of the province were awaiting him, and the moment he leaped from the vessel to the shore, they passed him, one by one, each taking his hand, and offering the oath of obedience. The crowd shouted joyfully, "May God exalt Abderahman Ben Moavia, King of Spain!"

Forty thousand volunteers conducted him to Cordova. This city was the capital of Moorish Spain, which was called the kingdom of Cordova as long as it was united under one head. There Abderahman was proclaimed king in due form; and the *chotba*, or public prayer, was made for him in the great mosque, (Mohammedan church.) At its close the audience cried, "May God exalt and protect our king, Abderahman, son of Meruan!"

This public prayer is one of the most coveted rights of sovereignty among the Moslemah. It is made not only at the beginning of a reign,

but at every festival, by the preachers in the principal mosques, and contains praises to God, blessings upon Mohammed, and petitions for the well being of the monarch.

Abderahman coined money, but he used dies, or stamps, similar to those of the Syrian caliphs. On one side of the coin were the words, "There is no God but Allah, the sole God, and who hath no equal;" and around the edge, on this side, "In the name of Allah, this dinar, or adirham, was stamped, in Andalusia, in —— year." On the other side were the words, "God is eternal: he is neither Son nor Father, nor is there any like him." And around them, near the edge, "Mohammed, the messenger of Allah, who sent him with the mission of the true Law to make it manifest over every other law, to the confusion of the infidels."

Once, while in Seville, Abderahman visited an accomplished and wealthy gentleman named El Hadrami. Nothing was omitted which could conduce to his comfort and pleasure; and, after a splendid banquet, he rose to retire. When he had thanked his host for the thoughtful skill which had provided so delightful an en-

tertainment, El Hadrami generously insisted upon his acceptance of the house and all that it contained, gracefully adding that thus only could he receive from it the highest satisfaction which it was capable of affording him. Abderahman hesitated, but knowing that the old gentleman really meant as he had said, he accepted the beautiful present.

This monarch was fond of hawking, and had some of the finest and best trained falcons in Spain. Once, when marching at the head of his army, a flight of cranes passed over the troops. The moment he perceived where they alighted, he called for his falconers, and gave chase. "The enemy will wait for me," he said, "but not the cranes."

Abderahman was truthful, generous, and brave. He founded schools, colleges, and hospitals, and encouraged the elegant arts. He never forgot his early home. In his magnificent garden, at Cordova, he planted, with his own hands, a palm tree, the first ever grown in Spain. It was very dear to him; and he often watched its broad leaves as they swayed like long plumes in the wind, thinking the while

of Damascus and his slaughtered race. One evening, when he was even sadder than usual, he wrote these lines:—

"Thou, also, fair and graceful palm tree, thou
Art here a stranger. Western breezes wave
Softly around thee, with the breath of love
Caressing thy soft beauty. Rich the soil
Wherein thy roots are prospering; and thy head
Thou liftest high to heaven. Thou, fair tree,
Dost feel no grief for thine abandoned home.
To me alone that pain. To me alone
The tears of long regret for thy fair sisters,
Blooming by Forat's * wave.

"Yet, do the river and the palms forget
Him, the lone mourner, who, in this strange land,
Still clings to their remembrance — my sweet home!
When the stern Destinies, and sterner they,
The sons of fierce Alabas, drove me forth,
How wound my soul around thee! and how hangs,
E'en now, my heart on thy beloved soil!

"Thou, palm, thou fair and lovely, of that home
Dost take no thought. Ah, well is thee! but I,
Sad mourner, cannot choose but grieve; and thus
I weep for thee and me, O lovely palm,
Thinking of our lost home."

* Euphrates.

SECTION II.

THE CHILDREN'S FEAST.

HIXEM BEN ABDERAHMAN, Hixem I., succeeded his father. He ruled wisely and kindly. So just was he, that once when an article which he desired to purchase was to be sold at auction, he would not allow any one to bid for it in his name, lest other buyers should be afraid to bid against him, and the owner thus fail to get a fair price for it.

Hixem was at Cordova, busily at work in his garden, when an astrologer approached him, and said, "My lord, you should in these short days labor for eternity."

"Why," asked the king, "do you speak thus at this moment?"

"It is written in the heavens, sire, that before two years you must die," replied the astrologer.

But the king was not afraid. He commanded that a handsome robe should be given to the astrologer. He conversed cheerfully through the evening, several times repeating

the words, "My confidence is in God, and in him is my hope." He played chess as usual, and listened with delight to a favorite slave who sang sweetly to the guitar.

He seems really to have died within the two years fixed by the astrologer. He was named the "Just" and the "Good," and his loss was mourned by his people.

Alhakem I.

was a tyrant; and after a reign of nearly twenty-seven years, he died, worn out as much bv remorse as by disease.

Abderahman II.

was a skilful warrior, but he was of a gentle disposition, and very much beloved by his subjects. He employed the poor in building mosques and baths, in paving the streets of Cordova, and in bringing water into the city through leaden pipes. He was a scholar himself, and extremely generous in promoting the education of his people. He endowed many schools in different parts of his kingdom, and supported three hundred orphan boys at his own expense.

He obtained the best teachers for his sons, and often listened to their school exercises. One of these teachers was named Yahye. He twice travelled to the East to listen to the famous Malec. One day Malec was lecturing, when an elephant passed by. All the other young men rushed out to see the animal, but Yahye kept his seat.

"Why do you not also go forth?" asked Malec. "You will not often find elephants in Spain."

"I did not come to the East from a far country to look at elephants," replied Yahye, "but to listen to your words, and profit by your wisdom."

Abderahman reigned thirty-one years.

Mohammed

succeeded his father, Abderahman. He was a fine scholar, and wrote well, both in prose and verse. He was thought to be cold and stern; but he was sportive in his family and among his friends.

One day, when Ben Casim, his private secretary, entered his chamber, he found the king

in high glee, at play with some children, one of whom he held upon his knee. A violent thunder storm was passing, and the palace shook with the mighty peals.

"Why did you come?" asked the king. "We can do no work in weather like this, as you well know."

"My lord," replied Ben Casim, "the people say that there is safety with innocent children when the lightnings fly; and I say the same. Listen.

"Good is it to be with infants when thunders resound; good, also, to hear the pleasant murmur of the flowing cups and the rejoicing guests.

"Not ill doth the beautiful cup-bearer fulfil his office when the clouds are crowning the tall trees of the garden.

"See how the branches bend beneath the sweet burden of fair drops that the wind hath brought them.

"And now, behold how all smiles around us, glittering in the rays of the returning sun."

The king was pleased with the description. He clapped his hands. An attendant ap-

peared, to whom he gave an order in a low tone. In a few minutes long trains of servants brought trays of sweetmeats, silver baskets of iced fruits, golden goblets and *sahba*, or white wine, which was drank, because red wine was forbidden by the Koran. A delicate perfume like that of white roses stole through the room; and music, scarcely louder than the splash of the fountain, floated from the carved and gilded gallery. Some of the high officers dropped in; and Mohammed, with the favorite child still upon his knee, pretended to be busied with cares for his guests. But no sooner had Ben Casim begun to eat with relish some nice grape jelly, than he secretly whispered the boy to throw the goblets at his head. Ben Casim turned so quickly as to escape the blow, and said to the frolicsome marksman,—

"O, lovely one, be not cruel, seeing that cruelty and beauty cannot dwell together.

"The beautiful heaven itself is only delightful when it is clear.

"Its gloom frightens instead of cheering us."

Thereupon the king grew still more merry,

and offered Ben Casim a purse of ten thousand *adirhames* (about six hundred dollars) or his pretty foeman himself.

"Whichever it pleases you, sire, to bestow; but perhaps you will need the little warrior. I foresee that he will some time fight with different weapons."

"I see, I see," answered the king; "you don't want the boy, and I do."

Then he commanded that a handsome purse, containing the sum he had named, should be brought, and putting it in one of the goblets, he gave it to the child, who offered it on his knee to the good-natured poet.

Mohammed built great baths in Cordova, and palaces also; nor did he forget to place at convenient points an abundance of stone troughs for the watering of cattle and horses.

Mohammed had one hundred sons, thirty-three of whom survived him. He died in 886.

SECTION III.

THE LUCKY POET, AND THE STORY OF LITTLE-BEARD.

Almondhir,

the son and successor of Mohammed, was jealous and cruel. His father's prime minister was Haxem Ben Abdelaziz, one of the most generous and admired gentlemen of all Spain. It was Haxem's duty to assist in proclaiming the new king. When, therefore, the chief officers were assembled in the Hall of Allegiance, he entered and took his place. But, in his grief for his deceased master, he had neglected his dress. Without noticing that it was disordered, he opened the book and began to read the customary forms. When he came to the name of Mohammed, tears blinded him, and he could no longer see. In his confusion he read one sentence twice, at which Almondhir was angry. He was still more so when he was told that when his father's bier was borne into the tomb, Haxem threw aside his cloak, took off his turban, and

entering the sepulchre, wept bitterly, exclaïming, "O Mohammed, would that I might have died for you!" Strangely enough, he determined to punish the faithful minister whenever it should be convenient to do so.

It so happened that a rebel named Hassun was successful in the north of Spain, and the king sent Haxem with an army against him. Hassun, knowing that he should be beaten in arms, pretended to surrender Toledo, his headquarters, and signed conditions of peace. But no sooner had Haxem returned to Cordova, than he treacherously rose again, and retook the city. Upon this the king declared that the minister should die, and ordered him to be arrested (seized by authority) immediately. A few days afterwards he was beheaded, in the evening twilight; and his two sons, Omar and Ahmed, the governors of Jaen and Ubeda, were stripped of their property, and thrown into prison.

Almondhir, having thus, in part, satisfied his desire for vengeance, marched himself against the rebel Hassun. He fell in battle on the

very day upon which he had intended that Omar and Ahmed should be put to death.

Abdallah,

the brother of Almondhir, was then proclaimed king. He released the two young men. He restored their property, and made Omar governor of Jaen, and Ahmed captain of the cavalry of his guard. His eldest son, Mohammed, was enraged at this, because he hated one of the brothers. He left Cordova, raised troops, and rebelled against his father. He was defeated by his brother, Almudafar. He died of his wounds in prison.

He left a beautiful little boy four years old; his name was Abderahman. His grandfather, Abdallah, loved him dearly, remembering the time when his father, Mohammed, lay like him in his arms. He often watched his play with such delight as to forget every thing else. One afternoon he was so wrapped up in him that the sun went down without his observing the hour. He was aroused by the captain of the household troops, who came for orders and a pass-word. Looking up with

a smile, he said, in excuse for his forgetfulness, —

"He is my delight, my treasure — the gem of my heart.
On his cheek are roses and lilies.
Before the light of his eyes all other light fades.
In his form is the myrtle with its bending grace.
When he is near, I know neither daybreak nor darkness."

Abdallah was not only affectionate, but he was also magnanimous. A youth of distinction, named Suleiman, rebelled against him. Being defeated, he expected immediate death; but the king remembered his few years, and thought that he had, perhaps, been misled by older and more guilty men. So he pardoned him freely. But Suleiman was witty and careless. Without really intending ill to the king, he wrote some verses in which he called him a *himaro* — a beast of burden, used only for the lowest purposes. He was particularly severe upon the drivers of this *himaro*, meaning the members of the council of state.

The verses passed from hand to hand until they reached Abdallah, who commanded the author to be sent for. He appeared, pale and trembling, when the king said, "Friend Sulei-

man, I am afraid that I have thrown away the favors which I have bestowed upon you. At your hands, certainly, I do not deserve such blame. I shall, however, spare your life; but you must repeat these lines in my presence whenever it shall be my pleasure to hear them. To show you how highly I regard them, you shall pay me a thousand dinars (not far from two thousand dollars) for each stanza."

Grateful for his life, but mortified and sorrowful at the thought of repeating the insulting lines to so generous a master, the poet threw himself at the king's feet, and begged for pardon so heartily that Abdallah granted it at once.

The beard has always been a mark of authority and dignity among the Arabs. It has never been permitted to slaves. In early times, at least, it was not allowed to quite young men, since it was an indication of too much importance; but the father of a family could not properly appear without it.

Ben Venasos, captain of an African troop in the royal guard, and a member of the council of state, wore his beard extremely long and

thick. He once entered the king's presence with it in disorder, which made it contrast even more strongly than usual with the short, bushy ones of the Sclavonians, who kept the interior of the palace. Abdallah, who was unusually gay, jestingly repeated some lines which ridiculed the extreme of this fashion, and then said good naturedly, "Dost hear me, Little-Beard?"

The soldier replied, "Yes, I hear. If some among my people were not idiots, we should keep clear of palaces, where we are constantly exposed to insults. Ambition blinds us; and, once chained, we find freedom only in the tomb."

Saying this, he placed his hand on the ground, and left the hall without a single mark of courtesy. Abdallah was displeased at the rudeness, and, as several days passed and Ben Venasos did not return, he gave his command to another. Yet he spoke kindly of the honesty and prudence of the man, and would willingly have asked pardon for his joke, had his rank permitted.

Having said as much to some of his officers,

one of them, Ben Ganim, visited the chief. The offended African obliged him to wait a long time in his ante-chamber, and then remained seated upon his cushions, instead of rising and offering his place, as was the custom when the guest was of equal rank with the host. Neither did Ben Ganim persuade him to return to his duty. The king could not help laughing, but he declared that he was sorry to lose his captain and councillor for the sake of a beard, however respectable.

The little Abderahman was so merry and good-natured, yet so willing to learn, and grew up so gentle as well as brilliant, that he kept the first place in the heart of his grandfather. The finest scholars of the time were appointed his teachers. Before he had learned to read, they read the Koran aloud to him, and taught him to repeat its best passages. When he was eight years old, they began to instruct him in history. Then followed grammar, poetry, proverbs, biography, and the natural sciences, — such as chemistry and the like, — and, lastly, the science of government. Other masters taught him to ride, to bend the bow, to hurl the lance,

to wield the sword, and to go through many military movements.

Abdallah died in 912, and upon his death bed he named Abderahman his successor.

Section IV.

THE SEAL THAT TOLD A SECRET.

Abderahman III.

was proclaimed king gladly, yet not without fear. Every one expected that Almudafah, the rightful heir, and a distinguished warrior, would dispute the prize with him. But Almudafah loved his nephew scarcely less than Abdallah had done. He remembered the part which, as a good son, he had been compelled to take against the father of the boy, and willingly gave to Abderahman the support which he would have given to Mohammed if he were but alive. To the surprise of the whole people, he was the first to offer to his nephew the oath of allegiance, and continued as long as he lived to serve him with entire fidelity.

Abderahman was hailed, at his accession, not

king only, but "Defender of the Law of God," and "Prince of the Faithful." This spiritual authority did in fact constitute (make) him caliph. He altered the dies for the gold and silver coins, and ordered that his own name and titles should be placed upon them. He was the first caliph of Spain.

Abderahman enjoyed a jest, and the following pleased him much. A member of the city council of Cordova, named Sohaib, had a seal on which was engraved, "O Thou who knowest all concealed things, be gracious to Sohaib." He belonged to a peculiar sect of Moslemah, which permitted the use of wine, and he, being fond of it, drank it often.

It happened that he was at a gay party at the house of a friend, and a wag, watching his opportunity, slyly obtained the seal, and, by a slight alteration of the letters and points, made the inscription to read, "O Thou who knowest all who are given to wine, be gracious to Sohaib."

The councillor, unaware of the roguery, continued to use the seal as before. Pretty soon the inscription fell under the eye of the caliph,

who, upon inquiry, learned the trick, over which he laughed heartily. In order to carry it out still further, he said to Sohaib, "How, Sohaib! you drink wine! Your very seal betrays you. Look at this parchment."

Sohaib gazed wonderingly at the caliph, then at the inscription fairly marked in the wax before him, and thinking that God had indeed taken this method to make known his wrong doing, he trembled, turned pale, and confessed his fault.

Abderahman was sitting with one of his wives, Az-Zahara, (the Flower of the World,) when he observed that her eyes were full of tears. He started, thinking that she was ill.

"No, I am not ill," said Az-Zahara; "but I am tired — tired of every thing. Why is it that there is nothing in the world so good that we cannot fancy it better?"

The beautiful woman was uneasy because of her useless life; but the caliph did not understand this any better than she did herself; and he believed that he could build a palace which would satisfy even her. He commenced

the work, about four miles from Cordova. The Guadalquivir flowed by upon one side, and a lofty mountain screened the place in winter, and cooled it in summer with its unmelting snow. Ten thousand men and fourteen hundred mules were daily employed upon it. Palace was added to palace, and tower to tower, until it became a pleasure city. Three thousand four hundred columns of fine workmanship supported glittering halls, slender arches, and sheltered galleries, or, joined in light clusters, were twined with honeysuckles and climbing roses. The principal apartments were lined with marbles of various colors, and in many patterns, and porcelain tiles, or sheets, of brilliant hues, some representing flowers and fruits, some bearing mottoes and sentences from the Koran, or simple pencillings in linked curves and windings.

The Hall of the Caliphs was more gorgeous than any other. Its roof and walls were covered with tiles of silver and gold. On each side of it were eight doors, turning between pillars of variegated marble and transparent crystal, and fixed on arches of ivory and ebony

ornamented with gold and gems. Here the fountain was of jasper. From the middle of it rose a golden swan, made at Constantinople. Above it hung the famous pearl presented by the Greek emperor, a ball of rosy light, flashing and fading with the changing sunbeams. This fountain ran with quicksilver, and when playing in the rays of the sun, was almost dazzling to look upon.

Less showy, but far prettier, were the fountains of water which abounded, and which showered their sparkling drops into shells of porphyry and alabaster. The baths were furnished with the utmost splendor; the carpets, cushions, and hangings, being of silk and gold, and enriched with heavy embroideries. Upon every side stretched lovely gardens. Fruit trees bent under their delicious burdens. Groves of laurel and myrtle furnished a cool shade. Plants of sweetest scent bordered the mimic lakes, and peeped at themselves in the still water.

The city was called Medina Azahra, for the favorite of the caliph. But happiness comes from within, not from without; and even this

wonderful palace-city could, of itself, have given her no lasting pleasure.

Abderahman formed and maintained a powerful navy, and his fame was spread abroad so widely as to bring an embassy from the Greek emperor. The latter sent letters written on vellum, adorned with gold and azure, and enclosed in a gold casket bearing at either end the effigy of Jesus.

The accounts given of Abderahman's expenditures almost exceed belief; but his annual income is said to have been thirty millions of dollars. No people were at that time as enlightened and industrious as the Spanish Arabs. They carried out a plan for watering the dry plains which made them a wonder for fertility. They fully understood the nature of soils and their proper treatment. They brought in many plants, grains, and vegetables, which they made sources of profit. Among these were the sugar-cane, the cotton plant, rice, saffron, and spinach. They manufactured fine cloths of silk, cotton, linen, and wool, also sugar, porcelain, paper, and armor, and they dressed leather so well that it was universally sought. They carried on

an extensive commerce, and they worked their mines with success. They also found rubies in the neighborhood of Beza and Malaga, fished for pearls on the coast near Tarragona, and for corals off the shore of Andalusia.

Abderahman died in 961. He left behind him a reputation for great abilities, boundless liberality, and strict justice. He affords proof that outward prosperity alone cannot give real happiness, having declared to a friend that, during the fifty years of his reign, he could number only fourteen days of perfect heart-rest.

Section V.

A MOORISH CORONATION.

Alhakem,

son of Abderahman, was proclaimed with great pomp. His brothers and cousins stood first around the throne, then the captains of the guard, and, in front, the prime minister and the chief officers of state. Next, the Sclavonian guard was ranged in a double file, each man holding his naked sword in one hand and

his shield in the other. Outside of these were two other files of negro slaves, clothed in white, each holding a battle-axe. In the court were the Andalusian and African guard, with drawn swords. The brothers of Alhakem, the military and civil officers, took the oath of allegiance without conditions, and he was then proclaimed king.

Alhakem was a dear lover of books. He had agents for their purchase in Africa, Egypt, Syria, and Persia, and he kept copyists in various cities. He collected six hundred thousand volumes. These were arranged with great care; and the halls and compartments (divisions) in which they were placed were marked with inscriptions, making known the contents of each. Catalogues were also prepared, in which were recorded not only the titles of the books, but the names of the authors, with the genealogy, native place, and birth and death-year of each.

The few European scholars of the time, out of the kingdom of Cordova, were nearly all formed in its academies. The caliph drew about him learned men, and patronized them

in the most generous manner. Governors of provinces also offered premiums for works of merit. Ladies of the highest rank rivalled their husbands and brothers, not only in poetry, but in law, history, and philosophy. They competed (strove) publicly for prizes, and travelled for self-improvement.

Literary meetings were frequent and pleasant. Ahmed Ben Said, of Toledo, was accustomed to invite to his house forty of his friends, at stated periods, in the months of November, December, and January. He received them in a large hall, carpeted with cloths of silk and wool. The cushions were covered with heavy damask, also of silk and wool The walls were hung with equally warm material, with inner draperies of wrought linen. In the middle of the hall was a large tube, several feet in height, filled with burning charcoal, around which the guests sat or reclined. Scented water was sprinkled about, and musk and other perfumes were allowed to escape through the apartment. Upon coming together, a chapter of the Koran was read, and each one gave his opinion upon it. Dinner was

then served. First in order was a variety of meats, especially mutton, and young kids dressed with oil. Milk in curds, and other fancy forms, followed. Then sweetmeats were brought, and choice fruits.

Alhakem was a wise and peaceful prince, and strove in every way to promote the prosperity of his subjects. He died in 976.

Section VI.

THE DOUBLE WEDDING.

Hixem II.,

the son of Alhakem, was only ten years old when he was proclaimed king. His mother, the Sultana Sobeiha, had been so entirely beloved and respected by her husband, that for many years he had done nothing of consequence without first asking her advice. She now permitted Hixem to amuse himself as he pleased, and chose Almanzor prime minister, giving him the entire authority, and allowing him all of royalty but the name.

Scholars from Egypt, Africa, Syria, Persia,

Italy, France, and Northern Spain, assembled at the house of Almanzor. Among those whom he most favored was Ben Hassan. The latter gave freely, but he was also shrewd in getting. One day when Almanzor was to have an unusually large number of brilliant guests, he appeared in a mantle so old and thin as to show the garments beneath.

"How is this, Ben Hassan?" asked Almanzor, who was ashamed of his sorry plight.

"This cloak that you see," said Ben Hassan, sorrowfully, "was the gift our late sovereign — may God be merciful to him; and as I have no gala dress better than this — may God reward the giver — I have put it on."

"You have done well," returned Almanzor; "but that a mantle so precious may not be worn out by too much service, I will, to-morrow, send you other garments for festive days, and you can then preserve this as it merits."

Almanzor celebrated the wedding festival of his daughter and his son, Almudafar, at the same time, and with great elegance. It was held in the beautiful gardens of Almeria. All

the nobles of Cordova took part in it. The bride of Almudafar was conducted through the principal streets of the city, accompanied by the maidens of such families as were friendly to her house. The train was preceded and followed by the governor of the city, the chiefs of tribes, and the lords, in their best attire.

Arrived at the gardens, a band of young girls, each holding an ivory wand, guarded the pavilion or tent of the bride. The bridegroom approached the entrance, protected by his followers, armed with gilded swords; and after a mock combat, he succeeded in forcing an entrance.

Countless lamps turned the evening into day. Boats with silk sails, and fluttering all over with little banners, glided over the mimic lakes, and music sounded from the groves the whole night.

The next morning Almanzor gave armor and handsome garments to his guards, made presents to the poets who had composed the festive verses, bestowed alms upon the beggars' hospital, and married many of the or-

phan girls who were supported by the crown, giving them suitable marriage portions.

Almanzor had been very successful in his wars with the Spaniards; and in August, 1002, he met them near Medina Cœli. For once they had put aside their hatreds and ambitions, and joined heartily together. Sancho, king of Navarre; Sancho, count of Castile, and the regent of Leon, were there in full force. Early in the morning the hosts met. The drums and trumpets, the cries of "Allah, Hu Acbar!" (God is greatest, the most powerful,) "Navarre to the rescue! St. James for Leon!" the neighing of thousands of horses, and the shouts of command, echoed and rechoed by the neighboring hills, made a fearful uproar. Once and again Almanzor dashed with his Andalusian cavalry into the ranks of the iron-clad knights. Once and again these closed steady and strong as before. Every where the Moors made desperate assaults, which were received, turned back, and received again. The earth was soaked with blood, and hidden by the great multitude of corpses; yet neither army had yielded a step.

Night came, and separated them in the deadly strife.

Almanzor retired to his tent, and waited for the customary assembling of his generals. He grew impatient, then angry, then a sudden dread seized him. He called for them by name. A few were busy with their troops; the rest were wounded or dead. Giving only an hour or two to necessary rest, he broke up his camp, and retreated in order of battle beyond the Douro.

He was himself wounded; but he would permit nothing to be done for him, and died of grief before reaching the capital. His soldiers buried him in the garments which he had worn in the combat, and covered him with dust gathered from the fields of fifty battles which he had fought and won.

Abdelmelic,

Almanzor's son, succeeded his father as prime minister; and after a prosperous government of nearly seven years, he died, as is supposed, by poison. With him ended the greatness of Mohammedan Spain.

The empire was soon divided into small kingdoms. Almost every king fought for his throne. The different tribes, no longer held together by a strong hand, recommenced their old disputes. The states, thus broken and weakened, were unable to resist the Spaniards. By the close of the eleventh century, the latter had advanced to the Tagus. Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia were conquered; and in the year 1238, only the kingdom of Granada remained to the Moors of all their possessions.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STOLEN MATCH, AND A CASTILIAN CORONATION.

We left Pelayo among the mountains, triumphant over two Moorish generals. He soon held his little court at Cangas, thirty-five miles south-east from Oviedo. This remained the capital of Christian Spain until 774. At first the Spaniards held closely together; but no sooner did they increase considerably in numbers and territory, than they began to quarrel. Small states were formed out of the lands reconquered from the Moors, which were often at variance with each other. Neither were they peaceful within. Sons rose against fathers, uncles and nephews disputed for petty advantages, and even husband and wife were sometimes at strife; the nobles rebelled against the kings, and by turns flattered and trampled upon the common people.

The inhabitants were sadly ignorant. They hand down to us the name of only one phy-

sician during the first four centuries after the Moorish invasion; and he was a native of Cordova. They did not equal the Moors in any of the useful arts, not even in agriculture. They, however, built substantial churches and monasteries, and were skilful and bold soldiers.

The character of the Spaniards was, in some respects, greatly injured by their long contest with the Moors, because of the spirit in which they carried it on. While there were among them truly Christian men and women, the so-called religion of the majority consisted in the observance of a few empty forms, and a savage hatred of all who differed from them in religious belief. Doubtless there were priests who taught their hearers to keep their word in all cases; but the main body of the clergy declared that all brutality was right when exercised upon infidels, (those who deny the inspiration of the Bible,) and that promises made to them need not be kept. So instructed, the Spaniards called their worst passions by pleasing names, and when they were most wicked, fancied themselves most pious. When they fought against the Moors, they said that

they were fighting for God against his enemies; and that the children might be equally bitter with themselves, the knights not unfrequently carried home to them for playthings the heads of those whom they had killed in a foray. The Moors were cruel, also; but it belonged to those who professed the Christian faith to set an example of truth and justice; which if they had done, their generous and chivalrous rivals would readily have followed them. There were periods, to be sure, when a better feeling seemed to prevail. Spanish and Moorish cavaliers joined in mock battles, called tourneys; students went to the Mohammedan schools; patients applied to Moorish physicians; nobles, not on good terms with their sovereigns, fought under the Moslem banner; kings interchanged visits; the small kingdoms gave and received aid. But these were individual cases, and a narrow and fiery bigotry took, in the Spaniard, the place of that beautiful charity which marks a genuine piety. In this lies the real secret of Spanish weakness. This bent the inhabitants of the wealthy peninsula to the galling yoke of a priesthood,

which, numbering some good and wise members, was, as a body, haughty, selfish, and greedy in no common degree. This chained them beneath a degrading civil tyranny, until, poor, ignorant, and superstitious, they sank into almost utter insignificance. Spain, open to all opinions, all enterprise, and all skill, might have become what England now is; but that possibility has long since passed by.

In 1095, Alfonso VI., of Leon, gave the government of a large part of the territory now known as Portugal to his son-in-law, Henry, Count of Besançon, and it soon became independent. By the middle of the fifteenth century the remaining states of the peninsula were reduced to four — Castile, to which belonged Leon, Biscay, the Asturias, Gallicia, Estremadura, Murcia, and Andalusia; Aragon, which ruled over Catalonia and Valencia; Navarre, which was independent; and Granada, still held by the Moors.

Isabella, daughter of John II., of Castile, was born in 1451, became heir to the throne of her father, and married Ferdinand, son of John II., of Aragon, heir to the crown of that

country. This she did, not by any means in the commonplace way usual with royalty, but after such romantic adventures as do not often fall to the lot of queens.

Her brother Henry, the then king of Castile, was opposed to the match. He placed spies about her, and even bribed her servants to send him an account of all her movements. Finding that he could not shake her purpose, he ordered the Archbishop of Seville to march with a body of troops to Madrigal, where she was then living, and to seize her person. At the same time he sent letters to the citizens of the place, threatening to punish them if they should interfere in her behalf.

Upon receiving these letters, the town council hastily assembled. "What shall we do?" asked one of another.

"Close the gates. Call out every man who can handle a weapon, and fight till the last one falls at his post," said a young knight.

"Pshaw!" returned a steady old citizen. "We could not hold out two hours against regular troops."

"Neither can we sit still and see the princess

carried off by the bold, bad horsemen of the Archbishop," said a third speaker.

"Why not tell the truth?" replied the citizen. "Why not say frankly to the princess that we would gladly protect her, but that we have not the means, and ask her to provide for her own safety?"

"A right gallant way," said the knight, mockingly—"a brave and a chivalrous."

"Nevertheless, it is the only one possible," returned the citizen; "and the sooner we make the matter known to her the better."

Thereupon the old gentleman, with a few of his companions, went to the palace, and told Isabella what had occurred. When his errand became known to her attendants all was confusion. Some of them, fearing the violence of the soldiers and the anger of the king, fled at once; nor did she know if she could depend on any one of the number. Something, however, must immediately be done; and in a few minutes a rider was spurring his horse in the direction of Toledo.

The hours passed slowly to Isabella. Would the messenger find her friends, the Archbishop

of Toledo and Admiral Henriquez? If so, would they be able to collect their forces and reach Madrigal before the Archbishop of Seville should arrive? She had friends in the town who were glad to lessen her anxiety, and, with the first moment of their expected approach, one after another left the city to watch for the coming of her deliverers. The young knight of the council board started first, went farthest, and was the first to return. He shouted as he entered the gate, "Toledo and Henriquez! Toledo and Henriquez!" Isabella was saved. In a little while the troops poured into the town. They hastily refreshed themselves after their rapid march, and then, with pennons flying and trumpets sounding, they bore off the princess to Valladolid.

In the mean time, Gutierre de Cardenas and Alfonso de Palencia were making the best of their way into Aragon, to inform Ferdinand of the state of affairs in Castile. The Bishop of Osma, on the frontier or line between the two kingdoms, had been favorable to the prince, but the messengers were cautious. They knew that people were constantly changing sides,

and they thought that his eminence might have been bought by the opposite party. They therefore entered the town as quietly as possible, and sought an inn not much frequented. Palencia then went to the episcopal palace, and, concealing his real mission, asked for passports and a guide over the frontier. The bishop, supposing that matters had not advanced as far as was really the case, acknowledged that he had gone over to Henry, and declared that if even his own servants deserted him, he would, single-handed, oppose the entrance of Ferdinand into the kingdom.

Thus warned, Cardenas and Palencia kept a sharp watch, and arrived safely at Saragossa, where Ferdinand then was. The royal difficulties were not yet over. King John was at war with some of his rebellious subjects, and had neither money nor soldiers to assist his son in his wedding trip. Would he give up his bride and all the advantages of the match? "No — never!" said Ferdinand. "I will not so much as think of it."

"No way remains, then, but to enter Castile in disguise, and endeavor thus to reach

the princess," said the shrewd and trusty Palencia.

It was, therefore, decided that the prince should set out disguised as a servant to six pretended merchants, while another party should proceed in a different direction with much pomp, as a public embassy from the King of Aragon to Henry IV.

The distance was short which Ferdinand must travel before reaching friendly ground, but the entire frontier was defended by fortified castles, and watched by squadrons of cavalry placed there for the very purpose of seizing him if he should attempt to cross. The little party rested at a village between Gomora and Osma, where the prince waited upon his companions at supper, and took care of the mules. They set out again towards midnight; but, after proceeding some miles, they found that they had left the purse containing all their money at the inn. One of the party returned for it, and luckily found it unopened. Late at night, on the 6th of October, they reached the borough (not the town) of Osma. They were completely exhausted by their hurried journey of

two days and nights without sleep. Ferdinand rode forward and knocked at the gate. The sentinel, by way of answer, threw a stone from the battlements, which came near hitting the prince, and so putting an end to his hopes at once. Fortunately, some of his friends knew his voice. The gate was thrown open, the trumpets sounded, and the Count of Trevino with his men-at-arms came out to salute him. The prince did not enter the town, but, accompanied by the count, forded the river and passed to Osma, now controlled by the soldiers of Isabella. From thence he proceeded with a numerous escort to Dueñas, near Valladolid.

On the evening of the 15th of October, 1469, Ferdinand went secretly from Dueñas to Valladolid, and was introduced to his betrothed. He was then seventeen years of age. His hair was of a dark-brown color, his complexion was fair, his eyes were animated and cheerful, and his figure was good. He spoke well, and, when he chose to be so, he was courteous and pleasing. Isabella was a year older. Her complexion was also fair, her hair was of a bright chestnut tint, and her eyes were blue and mild.

She was gentle in disposition, but firm and dignified.

After the ordinary compliments, the young couple signed the marriage articles, and made arrangements for the wedding ceremony with the assistance of the Archbishop. The visit lasted more than two hours, and then Ferdinand departed as privately as he had come.

The marriage was celebrated on the morning of the 19th of October, in the palace of John de Vivero, in the presence of two thousand persons of all ranks. So poor were the prince and princess, that they were obliged to borrow money for the occasion. While holding their little court at Dueñas, they were scarcely able to pay for the comforts of their frugal table.

King Henry died December 11, 1474. Upon learning this event, Isabella, who was residing in Segovia, desired that she might be proclaimed queen, without waiting for the return of her husband, who was in Aragon.

The ceremony was simple, and quite unlike the expensive forms of modern coronations. On the morning of the 13th of December, 1474, a splendid procession of nobles, priests, and

magistrates, in their robes of office, waited on her at the palace. They received her under a canopy of rich silk, and escorted her to the principal square of the city, where a scaffold had been built, furnished with a throne canopied with brocade. Isabella rode a white jennet, (a small Spanish horse,) whose bridle was held by two officers of state, while another rode before her holding up a naked sword — a symbol of sovereignty. When she reached the square, she ascended the platform and seated herself upon the throne. Then a herald proclaimed, "Castile, Castile for the king, Don Ferdinand, and his consort, Dona Isabella, queen proprietor of these kingdoms!" The royal standard was unfurled; the bells of the churches rang joyfully; and the guns of the castle were fired. Isabella then swore to maintain the liberties of the kingdom, and received the homage of the assembly. The procession formed as before, and proceeded to the cathedral. The Te Deum (a hymn of joy) was sung. Isabella knelt before the altar, returned thanks to God, and besought his aid and direction in her future course.

January 20, 1479, Ferdinand's father died; and thus the crowns of Castile and Aragon, after being separated for more than four hundred years, became once more permanently united.

CHAPTER XII.

THE INQUISITION.

Ferdinand and Isabella governed Spain, in many respects, wisely. During their reign, it took rank among the nations of Europe. But at the very moment when it became united and prosperous, they adopted a measure which made its decay sure and swift. They established the modern Inquisition; which, insulting God and violating the rights of man, brought with it centuries of civil, intellectual, and religious degradation.

This institution was intended to compel all men to be, or seem to be, Roman Catholics. In the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, nearly all Spaniards were of that faith; but there were plenty of Jews to persecute. This unfortunate people had enriched themselves by industry and thrift. There were among them excellent scholars, able writers, and successful physicians. The period included within the tenth, elev-

enth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries was the best age of their modern literature.

January 2, 1481, the Inquisition went into operation. All persons were required to accuse such as they even *suspected* of heresy, and every religious opinion not Roman Catholic was accounted heresy. The accuser was to receive a part of the property belonging to him whom he accused, should he be condemned. The accused often disappeared without the knowledge of any of their friends. They were carried to the prison of the Inquisition. They saw no one but a priest, or other agent of the institution, and a jailer. They did not know who were the witnesses against them, nor even their testimony, portions of it only being read or repeated to them. They were tortured with savage barbarity. The richer they were, the more certain were they of being condemned.

In the very first year in which the Inquisition was established, two thousand persons were burned alive, seventeen thousand were punished by fines, loss of property, imprisonment for life, and in other ways; while more

than two thousand, who were absent or dead, were burned in effigy; that is, images representing them were burned, and their property was taken from their families and friends. The officers of the institution disregarded the few humane laws that were meant to benefit the accused, and lived at ease on the products of the agony and death of the people.

Encouraged by this success, Ferdinand revived the Inquisition in Aragon, in spite of the prayers and efforts of the inhabitants, and established it in Valencia, Catalonia, Sicily, Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles. Gradually it broke the spirit of the nation. The people, permitted to know nothing, speak nothing, and do nothing, except at the will of a bigoted priesthood, lost their manliness. They lived in constant fear. They became ignorant and superstitious. Public enterprise died out. The country sank lower and lower, until it had gone back half way to barbarism.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

SECTION I.

THE FALL OF ZAHARA.

FERDINAND had resolved to conquer the kingdom of Granada; and he was delighted when King Muley Hassan broke the truce between them.

This kingdom was small, but charming. I was washed on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, and was shut in and crossed by bare snow-crowned mountains, with the richest and greenest valleys between. In its centre was Granada, its capital. Seventy thousand houses covered two lofty hills, between which the Darro flowed clear and cold. The streets were narrow, but they opened into many small squares bountifully supplied with gushing water. The dwellings had courts and gardens shadowed by orange trees, citrons, pomegranates, and laurels, and musical with the fall of fountains. Upon one hill was the Alhambra, a fortress and palace, the walls

and towers of which stretched quite round its crest. The fortress accommodated a garrison of forty thousand soldiers. The palace was not so large, but it was built with the utmost splendor. There were stately halls, the walls of which were inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver, and brilliantly, yet delicately, painted; domes (round, arched roofs) where some rare old artist had imitated the cells and crystals of the fairy frost; galleries with railings of marble lace; countless marble pillars, graceful as flower stalks; baths of perfumed water, with hangings of silk and gold; and every where fountains, with their sweet, low splashing; every where soft winds fragrant with the blossoms of the great gardens.

Separated from the Alhambra by the gorge was the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish monarchs. It was a wilderness of broad terraces, with wide marble steps, airy colonnades, (ranges of columns forming walks,) fruit-laden arbors, myrtle hedges, and of water which leaped from sculptured vases, tinkled in narrow channels along the pavements, sparkled in fish ponds, or spread out

into tiny lakes. Sounds of business and pleasure were heard faintly from below; always the trampling of horsemen in the Vivarrambla, the great square where the bull fights were held and the graceful cane play was practised; always the noise of the busy looms weaving fine silks or gauzy linens, the ring of the armorer's hammer, the cries of the water carriers, sherbet (lemonade with various flavorings) dealers, snow merchants, and venders of cool fruits, and, mingling with them, the guitar and lute, and many voices from beneath the gigantic cypresses.

A high wall with twelve gates and a thousand and thirty towers surrounded the city. Beyond was the vega, a plain thirty miles in length and twenty-five in width. Through it the water of the Xenil had been guided in multitudes of rills, and it was, in truth, a vast garden, which afforded a constant succession of fruits and crops.

The Spanish Arabs allowed great freedom to their women. They were present at public festivals, and bestowed the prize upon the victorious knight in the tourney, They dressed

expensively. They wore girdles, bracelets, earrings, and anklets of gold set with gems, and they fixed knots of jewels in the glossy braids of their dark hair.

The turban was or was not worn, at pleasure. In some of the provinces of the kingdom of Cordova it gave place to the red or green *fez*, or woollen cap, except with people of rank and those in the government service. In Murcia and Valencia, and even in Granada, men of the highest position went abroad bareheaded. A short cloak with a hood was universally worn at one time. Men of rank sometimes drew the hood over the head; but this was not done by the lower classes. In their armor, the Moors sometimes imitated the Spaniards; but many clung to their own light and manageable fashions.

Every male Mohammedan is a soldier; and Granada had, besides, a numerous and well-appointed army. It was well fortified, also. Every mountain peak had a watch-tower, which signalled the approach of an enemy by a column of smoke by day and fire at night. The towns and villages were built

upon cliffs, each with its wall and fortress. Even the mills were of stone, with loopholes (small holes to shoot through) and battlements.

Had the Moors been united among themselves, Granada might have held out fifty years longer; but they fought furiously with each other, thus aiding in their own overthrow. And this was the way that it came about.

The king, Muley Hassan, one of the last of the Granadine monarchs, married, when young, his cousin Ayxa or Ayesha. She was a woman of great pride and energy. She had one son, Boabdil, called also "The Unfortunate." At his birth the astrologers said that the kingdom would come to an end in his reign. It was a safe prophecy, — such was its condition, — but Hassan disliked his heir from that moment. Perhaps the beauty and gentleness of the boy would have won him to kindness, but that another wife and other sons stole and kept his affection.

Some years before, the fortress of Martos had been stormed, the governor, Ximenes de Solis, had been killed, and his daughter Isabel taken captive. The child was educated in the Mos-

lem faith, and was at first called Fatima, but she grew up so beautiful that she was named Zoraya, or the Morning Star. The king saw and loved her, and she became his favorite wife. She had two sons, and the court was divided between her and the sultana Ayxa.

It was at this very moment, when he was most needed at home, that Hassan made a foray into Spanish territory. The frontier fortress of Zahara, between Ronda and Medina Sidonia, was built on the top of a rocky mountain, with a castle upon a spur still higher. Many of the streets and houses were cut out of the solid stone. It was defended by walls and towers, and it had but one gate. The only way to reach it was by a rugged path, narrow, winding, and broken.

It was night, and a storm was raging. The inhabitants were at rest, and the sentinels had left their posts, for it had rained three days. Hassan took advantage of the tempest. Silently his men made their way up the craggy road. Silently they placed scaling ladders, mounted, and descended into the town. Suddenly the air was rent with cries of, "The

Moor! The Moor!" mingled with the Moslemah battle call, "Allah hu Acbar," and the groans and shrieks of the wounded. The soldiers, starting from sleep, were cut down every where. The struggle was short. A few attempted to hide. The greater portion yielded themselves captive. At the sound of the trumpet they were marched to the public square, where they were guarded until daybreak. They were then driven, a long and despairing train, to Granada.

Leaving a garrison to keep the fortress, Hassan returned to his capital. The banners and pennons of Zahara were borne on either side of the victorious troops, the captives walked behind, and in the rear was the spoil of the conquered town.

A few of the more giddy among the populace shouted, "Long live our king! Long live Hassan, the victorious!" The thoughtful, however, including the old men, cursed the king for his cruel ambition, and grieved over his success. "The truce is broken! The truce is broken!" they exclaimed in tones of heartfelt sorrow.

These were the common people. The nobles, whatever they may have thought, assembled to congratulate the king. In silk tunics of blue and silver, crimson and gold, ruby colored or pale yellow, with belts of twisted gold, embroidered turbans, and jewel-hilted poniards, they crowded to the Alhambra — to the Hall of Ambassadors — the audience hall of the Granadine monarchs. The afternoon sun, just ready to sink behind the purple mountains of Alhama, streamed in through the deep windows. It struck on the delicate tracery, blue, and red, and gold, of the vast walls, bringing out here a device, there a graceful inscription. It crept up to the domed roof, seventy feet above, which seemed almost a starry sky. Then it glanced down along the pearl-like column, and flashed and glowed on the splendid groups as they pressed through the carved and gilded doors. King Hassan watched them, and laughed at the dangers that were gathering round him. With such chiefs, so brave, so ardent, so skilful, what could he not do? But, at the moment, an old man pushed into the midst of the glittering throng. His form was bent and with-

ered. His hair was snowy white. His eyes burned and glared as with an inner fire. His dress was a cloak of coarse, dark cloth, tied about his waist by a piece of rope. He was a hermit from the mountains, who had long fasted and prayed in his lonely cell.

"Woe! woe! woe to Granada!" he shouted. "Its hour of desolation approaches. The ruins of Zahara will fall upon our heads. My spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand."

The nobles drew back in alarm. Hassan alone looked at him with scorn. The hermit rushed from his presence, and hurrying through the streets of the city, repeated his cry, "Woe! woe! woe to Granada!"

In the midst of the confusion thus occasioned, the king learned that there was a design to place Boabdil upon the throne.

"He was born to be my curse and the nation's ruin!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Put him and his mother, the sultana, in the Tower of Comares."

The cells of the prisoners were immediately beneath the Hall of Ambassadors, and were

separated only by a narrow passage. The walls were of great thickness, and the windows were small, and secured by iron bars. A stone gallery, with a low railing, ran just below the windows, but at some distance from the ground.

"A brave heart seizes fortune," said Ayxa. "Boabdil shall not die yet."

Boabdil was amiable and generous, cordial in manner, and personally courageous, although he was wanting in firmness. His youth, his accomplishments, and his known humanity, charmed the people of Granada. They compared him with the stern and cruel Hassan. They thought that if he could but be king their troubles would be at an end. It was not difficult for Ayxa to persuade the sentinel who paced up and down before her door, not only to permit her to visit her son, but also to assist in removing the iron bars which closed the windows. This done, she waited neither for tears nor embraces. She tied together her own shawls and scarfs, and those of her attendants, fastened one end of the rope thus made round the waist of the prince, and let him down to the rocky hill-side above the Darro. Some of

his friends awaited him with a swift horse, and long before his father knew of his flight he was safe in the Alpuxarras.

Section II.

THE BEAUTIFUL BRIDE, AND WHAT CAME OF HER CAPTURE.

Boabdil was soon afterwards proclaimed king; and treachery was added to his other misfortunes. This treachery was doubtless occasioned by an event which occurred thus.

A part of the mountainous frontier of his little empire was placed under the command of the Count of Tendilla. The count's headquarters were at Alcala la Real. It crowned a high peak which afforded a wide view. Many Christian captives, escaped from their masters, fled thither. As they sometimes lost their way in the darkness, the count built a lofty tower, upon which a light was kept burning every night.

The count had spies in every direction. Nothing escaped his watchfulness. One day a Spaniard, who had fled from Granada, brought

him word that Fatima, a lady of high rank, niece of the vizier Aben Comixa, was to leave the city for Almunecar. There she would embark for Tetuan, where she was to marry the commandant of the fortress. The count called out a company of cavalry, descended the steep, rocky streets of his stronghold, and, passing through several rough defiles, stopped not far from the bridge of Pinos. Soon the wedding party came in sight, richly dressed and few in number. The bride rode between two female attendants. Upon either hand were a half dozen relatives, young cavaliers, all in holiday costume. Their drawers and tunics were of white linen. Their heads and waists were bound with scarlet scarfs, twined with sparkling chains, and fastened with jewels. Four armed domestics rode silently in front, while the cavaliers began to sing the favorite ballad of "Zara's Earrings."

"'My earrings! my earrings! They've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muza, I cannot, cannot tell.'
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter;
'The well is deep; far down they lie beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muza give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.'"

Scarcely had these words rung through the glen, when the count's soldiers surrounded the group. The young men, regardless of themselves, besought only kind treatment for Fatima. This was readily promised. Indeed, the count seemed to regard them rather as guests than as prisoners, and entertained them right pleasantly in his castle at Alcala.

Aben Comixa soon received the sad tidings of his niece's captivity. He was the confidential adviser of King Boabdil, who sympathized with him. The king himself wrote to the count, offering, in exchange for the lady Fatima, one hundred Spanish captives, to be chosen from those at Granada. He moreover released an Aragonese cavalier, that he might be the bearer of the letter.

The count needed no urging, but freed the whole company, made Fatima a present of jewels, and sent her and her companions under an honorable escort to the very gates of the city.

As soon as Boabdil learned how courteously she had been treated, he set free twenty captive priests, one hundred and thirty Castilian and

Aragonese cavaliers, and a number of peasant women. Aben Comixa was so much delighted with the count's courtesy that he commenced a correspondence with him at once. This, which was wholly right in the beginning, became treacherous and wicked; and Aben ended by betraying the master who trusted and loved him.

Section III.

THE SIEGE AND SURRENDER OF GRANADA.

Whatever irresolution and treason there might be in the palace, however, the Granadine Moors fought nobly for the kingdom which they had made fertile by their toil, which was the scene of their infant gambols and their youthful loves, where lay their dead, and where they had so often knelt in worship. Town by town, fortress by fortress, cliff by cliff, they disputed with the enemy, and they yielded only when the alternative was starvation.

Ferdinand advanced slowly but surely. His heavy artillery easily battered down walls

which had been built in the days of spears and lances. At length he besieged Granada; and Queen Isabella, with Prince John, the princesses, and the court, proceeded to the camp with great pomp.

There were many gallant soldiers in the city, who did not fear even when the strength of a whole country was brought against her. Among these was Muza, a Moorish gentleman of royal descent, whose beauty, grace, and genius made him the pride of the city in time of peace, and its rampart in time of war. As the Spanish army marched into the *vega*, he ordered the principal gates to be thrown open. "To me and my cavaliers," he said, "is given their defence; our bodies shall be their bars and bolts."

He stationed at each a guard of his choicest men. They never put off their armor; and their horses stood always saddled in the stables, with lance and buckler beside them.

The Spanish camp was burned; but a town rose from its ashes. Nine cities built it in a wonderfully short time. Two streets divided it in the form of a cross, and in the centre

was a square so large that the whole army could assemble within it for review or worship. Merchants crowded to its shops, which were soon filled with silks, linens, and tapestries. Armorers and workers in steel and gold made shields and helmets, which they gilded, inlaid, and engraved in curious patterns. Saddlers and harness makers, with embroiderers of horse cloths, found business enough. Long trains of mules arrived daily with provisions, the grain being put into a vast magazine, and sold to the army at a fixed price. Flocks and herds were constantly driven in and slaughtered. Wines, fruits, even choice flowers, were abundant.

But Granada was starving. Boabdil summoned his officers, and the priests and sages of the city. "Shall we still hold out, or shall we surrender?" he asked.

"Surrender! surrender!" was the reply.

"Our granaries are nearly exhausted," said the governor. "The horses' provender is required for the soldiers. Our horses themselves are daily killed for food. Of seven thousand war steeds, only three hundred re-

main. Two hundred thousand citizens — men, women, and children — cry aloud for bread."

"Surrender! surrender!" was heard on all sides.

Muza sprang from his seat. "Never!" he exclaimed; "or, at least, not now. We are strong in our despair. Let us arm the citizens. Let us rush on the very point of our enemies' lances. Let us die; but let us not be dishonored."

But none seconded the noble leader; and it was resolved to surrender to the Spanish sovereigns.

The terms were at length agreed upon. It only remained for Boabdil to sign them. For the last time he assembled his nobles. Few in numbers, pale and worn, they formed but a fragment of the splendid chivalry which, ten years before, had so haughtily poured through the glowing portals of the audience chamber.

The conditions were read aloud. The Moors were to keep their property of every kind; *they were to keep also their mosques, and were to be permitted the free exercise of their religion, with all its rites and ceremonies. They*

were to continue in the use of their accustomed dress and language. They were to be governed by their own laws, were to pay no heavier taxes than they had done to their native kings; and were, for three years, to pay no tribute at all.

Boabdil was to be allowed his estates, both in and out of Granada; and to him and his descendants, forever, was promised the lordship of various towns in the valleys of the Alpuxarras.

The terms were favorable; but many of the audience, wasted by the slow fever of hunger, toil, and regret, burst into tears.

"For shame!" exclaimed Muza; "for shame to weep while it is possible to fight. We can yet earn our death; and if the earth refuses to take any into her bosom, he can still lie under the blue sky, and in the face of the friendly sun."

"Allah Achbar! there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," answered the king. "Resistance is impossible; it is our fate."

"Allah Achbar!" echoed the chiefs. "The will of God be done."

Muza trembled. "O blind and deceived countrymen," he cried, "do not believe the promises of the Spanish monarchs. Cruel oppression, the whip, the chain, the dungeon, and the fire, await you and your posterity in the years which are to come. For my part, by Allah, I will not witness such misery!"

The council broke up, and Muza went to his house, armed himself to the teeth, mounted his favorite war horse, passed out through the gate of Elvira, and was never seen again.

At daybreak of the morning fixed for the surrender of the city, the family of Boabdil rode quietly away from the most obscure entrance to the Alhambra. They were attended by a few domestics and a small guard of faithful soldiers.

At sunrise three signal guns were fired from the fortress. The Spanish army moved from the camp, preceded by the king and queen, the ladies and officers of the court, and the monks and friars, who were surrounded by the royal guard. All were in their gayest apparel. Every great noble displayed the banner of his house; and thousands of toss-

ing plumes, thousands of lances, tipped with streamers, added to the animation of the scene.

They stopped at some distance from the city, and waited for the grand cardinal to take possession of the palace. Soon the silver cross — the standard of the war — glittered on the Great Watch Tower, and beside it waved the pennon of St. James, the patron saint of Spain. "Santiago! Santiago!" shouted the army. Then the king at arms ran up the royal banner, and the soldiers shouted again, "Castile! Castile! For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The sovereigns knelt with the great host, and the royal choristers sang, "We praise thee, O God."

Then the unfortunate Boabdil advanced at the head of only fifty horsemen, offered homage to the king and queen, and gave up the keys of Granada. From Isabella he received his son, who had been residing as a hostage in the Spanish camp. He clasped the boy to his heart, and passing on, joined his family who were awaiting him.

Silently they continued on their way to the Alpuxarras. At a few miles distance they

reached a spot which afforded the last view of Granada. All paused, as if by one consent. The sunshine rested upon every tower and minaret, and brightened to new splendor the battlements of the Alhambra; while along the plain could be traced the windings of the silver Xenil. At the moment a light curl of smoke rose from the citadel, and a peal of artillery was faintly heard.

"Allah Achbar! God is great!" exclaimed Boabdil; and he burst into tears.

His mother was angry at his weakness, and said, scornfully, "You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man."

This was unjust, as well as cruel. Boabdil was irresolute in council, but he was brave in action. By his amiable disposition, his cordial manners, and his willingness to forgive, even treason itself, he endeavored to win the affection of his subjects, or to keep them true to his crown and cause. From him this hill has been named "The Hill of Tears;" and the rock from which he took his last look at his capital, is called, "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

Boabdil fixed his residence in the valley of Purchena. Unlike most other Mohammedan monarchs, he had but one wife, his gentle and beloved Morayma. With her, his mother, his son, and a household of early friends, he lived pleasantly for a time. He occasionally visited his cities, and received the respectful homage of his people, made princely presents, and hunted in the mountains with hawk and hound.

But Ferdinand was jealous and treacherous. He found, too, a willing ally in Aben Comixa, still the favorite and counsellor of the fallen king. With his aid he succeeded in driving Boabdil even from this retreat, and would scarcely permit him to await the death of Morayma, who was wasting away with sorrow, and who could not be removed.

More than a thousand Moors followed Boabdil into exile. Great numbers of their countrymen accompanied them to the shore; and as the vessel parted from the land, they shouted sadly, "Farewell, Boabdil! Allah preserve thee! Farewell, Boabdil, the unfortunate!" Boabdil feebly returned the good by; then he fixed his

gaze on the sparkling tops of the Granadine mountains, and watched them until they were lost in the distance.

For thirty-four years he lived, honored, and beloved, at the court of his relative, the caliph of Fez. He was killed while fighting heroically for his kinsman, against the Berbers, who threatened the city.

Zoraya, notwithstanding her rivalry with his mother, Ayxa, was, with her two sons, kindly treated by Boabdil. He obtained for her estates near his in the Alpuxarras. But, under the influence of Isabella, she returned to the Christian faith. Her sons, Cad and Nazar, were baptized, and permitted to take the title of prince. They married into noble Spanish families. The descendants of one of them at this day keep the motto of their ancestor, King Muley Aben Hassan — "God alone is conqueror."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BANISHMENT OF THE JEWS.

After receiving the homage of Boabdil, Queen Isabella joined the king, who was a little in advance. They were met by five hundred Spanish captives, who had been freed from their dungeons, and who, turning round, passed on in front of the troops, singing hymns of rejoicing.

The sovereigns did not at this time make their grand entry into Granada; but returned from the Alhambra to Santa Fé, without going into the city proper. The 6th of January, 1492, was appointed for their triumph. First, a magnificent escort of knights advanced; then the court in glittering costumes; then the army in holiday attire. The procession stopped at the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral; thus, in the very hour of victory, breaking the treaty so lately made. There the king and queen

offered prayers and thanksgivings with this lie upon their lips.

The religious ceremonies concluded, they ascended to the Alhambra, and fixed their throne in the Moorish presence-chamber; whither the principal inhabitants of Granada, and deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted, came to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage.

The sovereigns did not immediately leave Granada. On the 30th of the following March, they signed in that city an order for the banishment of the Jews. These unfortunates continued to be orderly and industrious; but they clung, for the most part, to what they believed to be the truth. As it was impossible to burn them all, their exile was decided upon.

The order required all, except Roman Catholic Jews, to leave Spain by the end of the following July; thus giving only four months, at farthest, for preparation. They were never to revisit the country upon pain of death and loss of property; and after the expiration of the time mentioned, no one was to give them

so much as a crust of bread or a cup of water. They might sell their property; but they were not to carry away its value, either in silver or gold; and they had no means of carrying any thing else. So much, also, could not find purchasers at once, and few persons would give a fair price for that which, whether sold or not, must be left by the possessor in a few weeks. It was not uncommon for a house to be given for an ass, and a vineyard for a suit of clothes.

The lowest estimate of the numbers driven from their quiet and comfortable homes is fixed at one hundred and sixty thousand. A few travelled on horseback or on mules; but most of them on foot. Old and young, mothers with little infants, the sick, who could scarcely drag their weary limbs, struggled toward the sea coast. A portion of them went to Turkey, some to France, some to England. Many crossed to Ercilla, a Christian settlement in Africa, whence they proceeded towards Fez. They were attacked in the desert by wandering tribes of Arabs, and most of them were destroyed, under circumstances of

cruelty too horrible for mention. A few, worn out by fear and suffering, after eating the scanty grass, like oxen, returned to Ercilla, and were baptized, in the hope that their persecutors would permit them to pass over to Spain. Many took the direction of Italy. Great numbers died of hunger, thirst, and cold. Some of the children were sold to pay the expenses of the voyage. Those who landed in Naples had a disease, taken on shipboard, where they were crowded in small and ill-provided vessels. This was so fatal that twenty thousand citizens died of it; and it afterwards spread throughout Italy.

God, who has said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," wrought no miracle to punish the Spanish monarchs, the priests by whom they were directed, or the people by whom they were supported. But in the ordinary course of events the Jews were avenged. So much patient labor lost to the soil, to manufacturers, and to commerce; so much money lost to the national treasury, was never made up, and was one of the causes of Spain's rapid decline.

April 17, 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella signed, at Santa Fé, articles of agreement with Columbus, who, thus, after eighteen years of waiting and trial, and after seven years spent in begging assistance from the Spanish court, saw the first step taken towards the accomplishment of his life-hope.

It is not necessary to repeat here his noble story; to tell how he went out a poor, despised adventurer, and returned a great discoverer; nor to tell with what meanness and ingratitude he was treated by Ferdinand in his old age, as nearly every other really great man has been treated by the Spanish government.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE JOHN AND HIS HOUND BRUTUS.

By this time the royal children were old enough to be either married or betrothed. Princes and princesses are not often so happy as to be wedded for love, but are, for the most part, sold and bought like other merchandise, only that they are usually expensive goods. Isabel, the oldest daughter, had already been given to the king of Portugal. It was arranged that John, prince of the Asturias, the heir to the monarchy, should receive the hand of Margaret, daughter of Maximilian, emperor of Germany; that Joanna, the second daughter, should be united to Philip, the emperor's heir, and sovereign of the Netherlands in his mother's right; and that Catharine, the youngest daughter, should be betrothed to Arthur, heir to the throne of England.

They were all carefully educated; but Prince John was even more thoroughly taught than

his sisters. A class of ten boys was selected for him from the sons of the principal nobility. Five of them were of his own age, and five were older. They all resided with him in the royal palace. A mimic council was also made up of men of ability and information. Over this the prince presided, and talked with its members upon questions connected with government and state policy. Here, too, he became practically acquainted with business operations. He was allowed some time for music; and he performed skilfully on various instruments.

A fleet of one hundred and thirty vessels carried Joanna to her bridegroom in the Netherlands, and took back the princess Margaret. She arrived at the port of Santander early in March, 1497, and her marriage was celebrated with the utmost magnificence. Nothing could well be more brilliant than the prospects of the newly-wedded pair; but death stole in upon their rejoicings. In October of the same year, at Salamanca, amidst the affectionate greetings of the citizens, Prince John expired. He was, as he said, willing and ready for the change, believing that earth was a sorrowful

place at the best; and looking for a dearer home in the heaven which opened before him.

The whole nation mourned for him; but of all who grieved, only one never for a moment forsook or forgot him. His beautiful hound, Brutus, followed him to his tomb in the Dominican monastery at St. Thomas, in Avila, who, watching for his beloved form through the long hours of the day, and listening for his voice in the darkness, wasted away and died.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE MOORS.

For nearly eight years Granada remained quiet under the kind rule of the governor, Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, and the pastoral care of Talavera, its archbishop. Talavera was a thoroughly good man. If all the clergy had been like him, there would have been no trouble with the Moors. He learned their language, and caused an Arabic grammar, dictionary, and catechism to be compiled. He had, also, an Arabic translation made of the Liturgy, with selections from the Gospels, for their use. He desired that a similar translation should be made of the great body of the Scriptures. But Ximenes, archbishop of Toledo, and head of the church in Spain, said, "No. It would be throwing pearls before swine. The word of God should be wrapped in mystery from the vulgar, and should be confined to the three ancient

languages which God permitted to be placed over the head of his crucified Son."

Numbers of the Moors listened to Talavera, and numbers were converted, through his instructions, to what seemed to be a hearty belief in the doctrines which he presented. But the body of the clergy was dissatisfied with the slow progress of the gentle and loving old man; and among these was Ximenes, the queen's confessor. Without telling the sovereigns of his intentions, he invited some of the Mohammedan preachers to a conference. He then not only attempted to show the truth of his own faith and the errors of theirs, but he distributed among them handsome presents. Several were thus won over, and the more ignorant of their flock following their example, not less than four thousand are said to have been sprinkled in one day; the consecrated drops having been twirled from a mop, or a bunch of hyssop.

Some of the Moslemah felt that this was breaking the spirit of their treaty. A nobleman, named Zegri, endeavored to keep his countrymen true to their faith. Ximenes caused

him to be arrested and given to the charge of a man named Leon, (lion.) This Leon fettered, imprisoned, and so nearly starved his victim that he pretended to be convinced. He was, in consequence, carried to the presence of Ximenes. Gravely bowing, he said, "Only last night, your reverence, Allah condescended to show me that I was in error, and commanded me to receive instant baptism." Then, pointing to his jailer, he added, "Your reverence has only to turn this Lion of yours loose among the people, and, my word for it, there will not be a Moslemah left many days within the walls of Granada."

The fierce and haughty Ximenes then collected all the Arabic works which he could procure, and caused them to be heaped up in one of the great squares of the city. The larger part were copies of the Koran, or works connected with theology; but many were on scientific subjects, on which the Moors were as enlightened as the Spaniards were ignorant. They were written with the utmost beauty, and were superbly bound and decorated. Three hundred of those, on medicine, Ximenes kept

for the university of Alcala, but the rest, amounting to many thousands, he burned.

The Moors felt as we should, were we to see our Bibles, our cherished religious books, and the finest productions of our favorite writers given to the flames; being at the same time too poor to buy more, and knowing that of some of them there were no other copies. They reflected, also, that their books were all that were left them to show the past splendor of their nation. That, fallen as they were, they could not hope to produce others of equal merit. That every history, poem, and essay destroyed was so much done towards blotting out their name as a people.

Their patience at last gave way. The populace provided arms, organized themselves under leaders, and barricaded (slightly fortified) the streets. They at first refused to listen to terms; but Talavera, attended by his chaplain, bearing the crucifix before him, and a few of his domestics, unarmed like himself, ventured into the rebellious quarter. At his approach, the Moors crowded about him, knelt at his feet, kissed the hem of his garment, and strove in

every way to express their confidence in him, and their delight at his coming.

Seeing this, the governor followed him with a few soldiers. When he reached the mob, he threw his bonnet to them as a pledge that he had come in peace. The rioters eagerly seized it, and the place rang with shouts of welcome. He then begged them to lay down their arms. "You can do nothing," he said; "you are weak and the king is powerful. Do not draw down his wrath upon you. As far as I can, I will prevent the grievances of which you complain, and I will intercede for you with the sovereigns."

Still the Moors hesitated; and Mendoza sent a messenger to his wife and two sons, requesting them to come to him immediately. They, as well as the count, understood the people. They went at once. When the populace saw the two young men riding upon fine Arab horses into their midst, and their mother between them, dressed in Moorish costume, and managing her pretty genet with perfect ease, they sent up a shout as cordial as they had ever given for their native princes. They laid

aside their arms, and returned quietly to their usual occupations.

Ximenes declared that it was lucky that they had thus forgotten themselves for a moment, since it would be not only right, but even generous, to offer them baptism or exile. Commissioners were sent to examine into the cause of the disturbance. Many Moors were imprisoned on suspicion, and fear and despair spread through the city. Great numbers went to Barbary; the rest consented to a confession of the Catholic faith.

From this time the Spanish Arabs were called "Moriscoes" instead of Moors. Other risings followed in consequence of the open and wicked violations of the treaty of Granada. The unhappy people were, however, treated with savage cruelty; and when they surrendered, they were compelled to baptism or exile. All would have chosen exile, but they were too poor to pay the government price of a passage out of the country.

Eleven years passed from the signing of the treaty with the Moors, — promising them the free exercise of their religion, and the posses-

sion of their mosques. In this short period every mosque had been destroyed or dedicated to Catholic worship, and the great body of the people had been bribed or driven to deny their faith. Still there were many scattered through Castile and Leon, where they lived long before the surrender of Granada, who silently held to their religion. In February, 1502, an order was issued at Seville, by Ferdinand and Isabella, commanding all unbaptized Moors in those provinces above fourteen years of age, if males, and twelve, if females, to leave the country by the end of the following April. But they were not to emigrate to the dominions of the Grand Turk, nor to such parts of Africa as Spain was then at war with. This was really offering them baptism or starvation. Disobedience was to be punished by loss of property and death. It is not known how many emigrated.

The persecution continued. Philip II. forbade the poor people the use of the Arabic language, and commanded that whoever read, or even had in his possession a work written or printed in Arabic, should be sentenced to a

hundred stripes, and four years in the galleys. He forbade their baths, songs, dances, and festivals; compelled them to wear the Spanish dress; and decreed that they should neither marry, nor even remove from one place to another, without leave from the authorities.

Worn out, they rose in their misery, and in their turn committed great cruelties. The whole ferocity of the Spaniards was then aroused. They suffocated the Moors in their retreats, gibbeted them, tore them to pieces with red hot pincers, sold them into slavery, and shot hundreds of men, women, and children in cold blood. They kept no faith with them. No matter what promises they made, they broke them as soon as their victims surrendered. At the close of the war, the innocent suffered with the guilty, because it would be so much trouble to separate the two.

While thus forbidden the exercise of their own religion, the Moriscoes were treated with contempt by the members of that into which they were forced. No fair opportunity was offered them for the exercise of their useful and graceful gifts. Finally, Philip III. banished

them from Spain, thus depriving her of six hundred thousand diligent, temperate, and ingenious subjects.

The Spanish Arabs must not be confounded with the Berbers, or natives of North-western Africa. These were a savage people, sometimes the allies, but usually the bitter enemies of the elegant Moors. It is the memory of the latter which draws the traveller and artist to Spain. They were excellent chemists, mathematicians, astronomers, and botanists. They laid the foundation of modern medical science. They numbered thirteen hundred historians; and their poets were almost countless. They brought to Europe the manufacture of paper; and they first applied gunpowder to military science. Luxurious, though delicate in their tastes, animated, cheerful, and song-loving, it is their imprint which is sought along the Xenil, and the echo of their voices which is listened for in the dash of the leaping Darro.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLES I. OF SPAIN AND V. OF GERMANY.

QUEEN ISABELLA died November 26, 1504. She has always been the idol of the Spaniards. This is not strange, since she was modest and gentle, yet firm and upright; bold in meeting danger, and patient under disappointments and suffering; wise in her selection of officers, generous in her patronage of learning, a true friend, and an affectionate wife and mother. Nothing in her whole life mars its beauty except her bigotry; and this was the fault of the clergy, to whom she yielded the guidance of her conscience and the best wishes of her heart.

Joanna was, as it will be remembered, married to Philip, son and heir of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany, and sovereign of the Netherlands through his mother, Mary of Burgundy. By the death of John, Prince of the Asturias, and her older sister, Isabella, she became heir to her mother's kingdom of Castile.

The young couple were proclaimed queen and king consort of Castile in 1506.

Philip died soon afterwards, and in consequence of the insanity of his wife, Castile was governed by King Ferdinand, as regent, until his death in 1516, and afterwards by the Archbishop Ximenes, until the arrival of Charles, son of Joanna and Philip, who was born and educated in the Netherlands. This prince inherited a vast empire. His grandfather, Ferdinand, was heir to Aragon, and had seized Navarre and conquered Naples and its dependencies. By his marriage with Isabella and his successful war with the Moors, all the Peninsula, except Portugal, had been united under one crown. Immense possessions in the New World were his by discovery. All this territory descended to Charles, who, in 1519, was also elected Emperor of Germany. He was Charles I. of Spain; but he is always mentioned in history as

Charles V. of Germany.

Charles spoke the Spanish, German, Italian, French, and Flemish languages. In whichever

country he happened to be, he could accommodate himself to its customs, and put on for the time its manners. He was a skilful general, brave, prudent, watchful of opportunities, and capable of enduring almost any amount of hardship. He was a shrewd politician rather than a great statesman. He was sometimes showily generous, but he was mean in rewarding service, and was, besides, tyrannical, treacherous, and cruel. He destroyed the little remaining liberty of Spain, which country he valued only for the money which it furnished. He was thoroughly selfish. To grasp, grasp, grasp for himself, and to secure his possessions to his line — no matter at what cost of property, suffering, and life to his subjects — was his grand aim. The result was early success and final disappointment. He was in almost every case victorious over his rival, Francis I. of France; but that monarch's son avenged his father. He saw that Protestantism elevated not merely a class, but the whole body of the people; that it tended directly to individual enterprise and prosperity, — to universal progress in knowledge, and to civil freedom; and

he resolved to crush it. He established the Inquisition in the Netherlands, which burned, beheaded, and buried alive thousands of his best subjects, and he, at last, bitterly confessed that he had totally failed in his object. He strove, also, both by arms and treachery, to destroy the constitutional and religious rights of Germany, and he was outwitted, defeated, and driven to a disgraceful flight.

In 1555, he resigned his crown to his son Philip, and retired to the Jeronymite monastery, at Yuste, in Spain. It stood half way up a mountain, on a slope of the chain which crosses the province of Estremadura. It was sheltered from the north winds by the mountain itself, which was covered, in part, with fine oaks and chestnuts, but which shot up into bare peaks above. It overlooked a lovely valley kept green by the streams which went dancing down the hill-sides.

Charles built a small house of eight rooms against the southern wall of the monastery. Velvet chairs with cushions and footstools, velvet canopies, carpets from Turkey and Alcarez, rolls of tapestry worked with figures of flowers and

animals, hangings of fine black cloth, four large clocks, and a number of watches, formed a portion of his furniture. His table was served with silver, and all the utensils of his sleeping room and kitchen were of the same material, weighing in all nearly fourteen thousand ounces. He provided liberally for garments, since he had, of robes merely, sixteen of silk and velvet lined with ermine, eider-down, or the hair of the Barbary goat. He had fine paintings, but only a few books.

The emperor was attended by a long train of gentlemen, cooks, confectioners, bakers, brewers, gamekeepers, and body servants. He had been a great glutton. He is said to have lunched at five o'clock in the morning, on a fowl stewed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices, after which he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, and ate of at least twenty dishes. He supped twice, once in the evening and once at midnight or one o'clock. After meat he ate great quantities of pastry, and drank deeply of wine and beer. His habits did not improve in the monastery, and although in miserable health, he was constantly on the lookout for his favorite

dishes. He delighted in Estremadura sausages, pickled partridges, eel-pies, anchovies, and the like heavy food; and continued to indulge in them, even when his physician was constantly obliged to give him medicines to remedy the illness they occasioned.

In the morning, when he was able to do so, Charles attended mass. Dinner followed, after which he listened to a few passages from some religious work. Towards evening he heard a sermon. As he thought himself not well enough to fast on the proper days, he made up for it by whipping himself severely, especially in Lent.

With the help of Torriano, a famous machinist, he made little soldiers, who went through various military exercises, and a hand-mill which would grind as much wheat in a day as would last a man a week.

He was as ambitious in the convent as he had been out of it, and he grew still more bigoted and persecuting. He urged Philip to cherish the Inquisition, and to show no mercy to Protestants; and he regretted that he did not break his promise to Luther, and murder him at the conference at Worms. He died September 21, 1558.

Once, having outstripped his companions in the chase, and having slain a stag a few miles from Madrid, Charles desired to hire an ass of an old woodman to carry the animal home.

"Excuse me, brother," said the peasant, "the deer weighs more than my ass and load of wood put together; you are young and strong, so take it upon your own back, and God be with you."

Returning from his expedition against Tunis, Charles travelled by land through Calabria to Naples. As he was to stop at La Cava, the town council met to decide what present should be made him. Some of the members said, pine-apples; but the majority declared in favor of a kind of fig, which is covered with mats in winter, and in March, (the time of the emperor's visit,) is delicious eating. Charles received the deputies very graciously, expressed surprise at the fineness of the fruit at that season of the year, and inquired whether it could be preserved in large quantities, and whether it was grown in abundance.

"O," said the mayor, "it is so plentiful that we give it to our hogs."

"What," asked Charles, "to your hogs? Then

take your figs back again," and so saying, he threw a ripe one full in the face of the silly orator.

The courtiers followed his example, and pelted the deputies till they were soiled from head to foot. They were glad to get away at last, when one of them, taking the whole to be part of the ceremonial of an imperial reception, remarked to his companions, "How lucky it was that we carried the point in favor of figs, for if we had presented pineapples we should have had our brains knocked out."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

Philip II.

THE son of Charles V. and his empress Isabella was a gloomy, ambitious tyrant, who thought to buy admission to heaven by torturing and burning all the heretics he could reach. He reunited Portugal to Spain, but the atrocities which he commanded in the Netherlands led to the loss of that rich province.

Philip was not a very able man; neither was he a scholar. He could write the Latin language correctly, and had a very slight knowledge of Italian and French. He knew something of mathematics, sculpture, and painting, but perhaps more of architecture than either.

He built the Escurial, one of the most famous of palaces, it being not only a palace, but also a monastery, chapel, and tomb house. It is a vast pile of white stone spotted with gray, resembling granite. It stands on the south-eastern slope of

the Sierra Gaudarama, in New Castile, twenty-five miles north-west from Madrid. Twenty-one years of labor were required to complete it, and it cost fifteen millions of dollars.

Philip was four times married, — to the Princess Mary of Portugal; to Queen Mary of England (Bloody Mary); to Isabella of France; and to Anne of Austria. He left a son, who succeeded him as Philip III.

This prince was weak, idle, and profligate. Nothing flourished in his reign but priests and monks. The diocese of Seville numbered fourteen thousand, that of Calaharra eighteen thousand chaplains.

He died in 1621. Of his children, Anne married Louis XIII. of France; Maria became Queen of Hungary; Ferdinand was a cardinal, and Philip succeeded him as Philip IV.

Philip IV.

had a sleepy, gray eye, delicate features, except the lower lip, which was thick and hanging, fair hair, long, curling mustaches, and a rosy complexion. He thought it one of the highest duties of a sovereign to be grave in public. He would

sit through a whole play without stirring. He gave audiences, (ceremonious interviews,) in which he moved only his lips. He is said to have laughed only three times in his life,—a story which is not, of course, true, but which shows how owl-like he was.

He usually ate alone of a few simple dishes, and drank cinnamon water instead of wine. He seldom addressed even the gentlemen of the chamber, but made known his wishes by signs. Once, a whole week passed in which he did not speak.

He sought out and rewarded artists, and not only paid but honored them. It was a saying that he had better painters and worse ministers than any prince in Europe. He left all business to his favorites, and his rule was nearly fatal to Spain. Catalonia, after terrible suffering, was driven to rebellion. Portugal, wearied out with Spanish tyranny, obtained her independence. A part of the Austrian Netherlands was lost to the crown, with Rousillon, Conflans, and Jamaica; and the Spanish trade in the West Indies was ruined by the Dutch.

Philip died in 1665. So fine a king must have a fine burial, and thus it was.

His body lay in state for two days in the theatre of the palace. This room was hung with fourteen pieces of fine cloth, and was set off with pictures, placed closely together, and all of one size. Six altars, three upon either side, were furnished with candles and crucifixes, and draperies of black velvet wrought with silver. At the upper end was a throne, three steps in height, covered with a Persian carpet. Upon it stood a bedstead, with a footboard of silver and a headboard glittering with gold cloth. The counterpane and valance were of gold cloth, with raised flowers in crimson silk. This supported a silver-gilt coffin, raised a little at the head.

Within it lay the king, dressed in an entire suit of musk-colored silk embroidered with gold, the cloak, stockings, garters, and shoestrings, even, being of that color; but the hat and shoes were white. A ruffle was placed about his neck, and cuffs at his wrists. His face and hands were painted. The latter were clasped on his breast, and held a globe and cross.

On each side of the throne were six high candlesticks with lighted candles, and at each of its

lower ends stood a nobleman. One held the imperial crown, the other the sceptre.

On the third night from the king's decease, the coffin, covered with a gold pall, was placed upon a bier, to the corners of which were fastened crystal lanterns with lighted tapers. It was hung between two mules, and was followed by a long procession of horsemen and footmen, many of whom carried torches. At its approach to the convent of the Escurial, the friars ranged themselves at the gate and asked, "Who is in that coffin, and what do you demand?"

The Duke of Medina answered, "It is the body of Philip IV. of Spain, which we here bring for you to lay in his own tomb. And this is a letter from the queen, (Maria Anna, daughter of Ferdinand III., Emperor of Germany,) requesting that he shall be there buried."

The prior of the convent read the letter and said, "Move forward."

Three noblemen and three priests then bore the coffin to the high altar, where the ceremonies ordered by the king before his death were performed. At their close, the bearers carried the bier to the royal burial chamber, called the Pan-

theon. As they entered, the prior claimed and received the golden pall. The procession moved slowly down the marble steps. The green and yellow jaspers of the staircase glittered in the light of forty lamps in the silver chandelier. The eight-sided apartment, lined with black marble smooth as a mirror, each side hollowed into niches and filled with black marble tombs, the jasper and porphyry altar, crucifix, and angels, gleamed, too, in the rays. Half way down the bearers paused. There a vault opened, in which the kings of Spain, and those queens who had been mothers of kings, lay a year before the final burial. In this they placed the coffin, and so finished these first funeral rites. At the customary period the body of the king was removed to the niche next that of Philip III.

Philip left three children, — Charles, his successor; Maria Theresa, Queen of Louis XVI. of France; and Margaret, Queen of Hungary.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPANISH HOME LIFE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN changes her customs slowly. She clings to the old in every thing. The manners and habits of the wealthy class in the seventeenth century differed but little from those of the same class now.

The royal family then lived at Madrid, or at Buenretiro, a country palace in the vicinity. They made an excursion in the spring to Aranjuez, and in the autumn to the Escurial. The day of starting, the length of the stay, the order of the journey, its expense, and the dresses to be worn by the court, were fixed and written in the Book of Ceremonial.

The chief officer of the king's household was the High Steward. He was allowed a seat in the royal apartments, which he occupied while in attendance, except at public ceremonials, and when the king was at table; upon which occasions he stood by the side

of his majesty. He regulated the expenses of the palace, arranged the bull-fights and all public games attended by the king, and fixed the time for the reception of foreign princes, cardinals, and ambassadors.

One of the highest officers at court was the Grand Chamberlain. He had a gold key, which admitted him at all hours to all the apartments in the palace. He wakened the king in the morning, presented him some of his garments, and the towel to dry his hands. He had the charge of the royal wardrobe; and the royal garments were given him after their owner had done with them. He accompanied the king in his carriage; at which time the grand equerry, instead of riding on horseback, took a seat on the coach-box.

The gentlemen of the chamber were usually the sons of grandees. They in turn waited on the king with the golden key at their girdles. They assisted in dressing him; and they handed him all dishes at table, except the *olla podrida*, (a mixture of various meats and delicacies,) which the chief cook presented in person.

The queen's household consisted of the superintendent, or *camerara*, some maids of honor, and numerous pages, who were always children of the highest rank. In the reign of Philip IV. there were about a thousand persons lodged in the palace at Madrid. They were miserably paid; but the expense of their maintenance was, nevertheless, very great.

The grandees formed the highest class of the nobility. They were really petty kings. They kept great numbers of followers. The Duchess of Ossuna had eight hundred ladies and waiting women. Young ladies of noble but poor families were often entertained in these households, where they chiefly employed themselves in embroidering with silk, and thread of gold and silver. The grandees had immense quantities of gold and silver plate, which they displayed on lofty sideboards. Those of the Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders, for the convenience of those who had the care of them; and when he died, it took six weeks to weigh and take account of the vessels.

The Hidalgos were a lower class of nobil-

ity, without particular titles,—such as count, or marquis,—but possessed of many privileges. The Caballeros of Castile were knights who served on horseback in the field, but brought no followers with them.

The houses in Madrid were large, and built of brick and clay. Glass being scarce, they were badly lighted. They were seldom provided with chimneys; but an open, flat, brass pan, containing lighted charcoal, was placed in the middle of the living-room, usually raised about half a foot from the floor, on a wooden frame. The floors were plastered and whitewashed, or polished like marble. Cushions of gold and silver brocade lay on rich Persian carpets. Elegant cabinets, busts, and vases stood around, with silver cases filled with orange and jessamine trees. Persons of distinction had canopies, under which it pleased them to sit. The winter beds were covered with velvet counterpanes, and curtains trimmed with thick gold and silver lace, called galloon. In summer, colored gauze curtains only were used to keep off the insects.

Early in the seventeenth century, the mas-

ter of the house ate by himself, and his wife and children either ate quite alone, or sat upon the floor, with a cloth spread over the carpet. But about the middle of the century, the higher classes introduced the custom of eating together. The Spaniards did not invite dinner company, except upon great occasions; but pleasure excursions were often made to the country houses of the nobility, where refreshments were offered. Madame d'Aulnoy thus visited the Princess of Monteleone, and says,—

"Her women, to the number of eighteen, brought, every one of them, a great silver basin full of dried sweetmeats, wrapped up in papers cut and gilt for the purpose. In one there was a plum; in another, a cherry, or apricot; and so in all the rest. Afterwards chocolate was presented, and every one had a china cupful, on a little dish of agate set in gold, with sugar in a box of the same. One drinks it with biscuit, or else with some thin bread as hard as if it were toasted, which they bake so on purpose."

Most of the lower classes took their food

at cooks' shops, which were kept at the street corners, and in which were great kettles of leeks, beans, and garlic, or broth to moisten their bread.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the costume for men "consisted of breeches of cloth bound and fastened up with points; a doublet, or vest, with large flaps; a cape with a hood; and a round cloth hat, or bonnet." In 1552 the ruff for the neck was added. A purse hung at the girdle. This was the true Spanish costume till the accession of Philip V. Philip II., who began to reign in 1556, was among the first who wore silk stockings.

A dandy of the seventeenth century is thus described by the wife of a French ambassador: —

"His hair was parted on the crown of his head, and tied behind with a blue ribbon, about four fingers wide, and about two yards long, which hung down at its full length. His breeches were of black velvet, buttoned down on each knee with five or six buttons; he had a vest so short that it scarce reached below

his pockets; and a scalloped vest with hanging sleeves about four fingers wide, made of white embroidered satin. His cloak was of black cloth; and he had wrapped it round one arm, with which he held a buckler, with a steel spike standing out in the midst of it. In the other hand he held a sword. He had likewise a dagger, with a narrow blade, fastened to the belt round his back. He had such a straight collar that he could neither stoop nor turn about his head. His hat was of a prodigious size, with a great band, larger than a mourning one, twisted about it. His shoes were of as fine leather as that whereof gloves are made, slashed and cut, and so exactly fitting that they seemed to be pasted on. He was strongly perfumed, and was careful to tell me that there were few courses of bull-fights wherein he did not venture his life."

In the seventeenth century, the ladies' hoops, which had been very large, were made much smaller; but various modes seem to have prevailed. Queen Louise d'Orleans once received her friends with her hair separated in

the middle, and falling on both shoulders. One side was braided, strung with pearls, and was fastened to her waist with a diamond. Her dress was a rose-colored velvet, worked with silver; and her earrings hung nearly down to her shoulder.

The Spaniards of the higher classes rose about seven o'clock in the morning, drank iced water, and afterwards chocolate. They then went to mass or confession. The ladies embroidered, received calls, and offered collations to morning guests. Dinner was eaten at about twelve o'clock; after this, all partially undressed for the *siesta*, or afternoon lounge. At this time the shops were shut, and no business was done. At about two o'clock in winter, and four in summer, sweetmeats and iced drinks or chocolate were served. All who chose then went abroad to the theatre; or, in warm weather, to the public walks. The *tertulias*, or social evening receptions, so common now, had not then been introduced. Returning, a light supper was served.

Education was almost universally neglect-

ed; and boys at fifteen were usually their own masters.

Running at the ring was a favorite amusement, and was thus played: Several posts were placed in a circle, and a ring was hung from each. The player galloped round the circle, and attempted to take down one or more of these rings with his lance as he rode. Charles I., of England, when at Madrid, was skilful in this sport.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BALLAD OF THE CID.

The language of Spain, as it is now spoken, is made up of contributions from those of the nations who have dwelt therein from the earliest time with which we are acquainted. The Iberian, the Celt, and the Carthaginian, left in a few words almost their only memorial. The Romans followed. They were more generous to Spain than to any other of their many provinces. Its inhabitants, in return, learned to speak and write the Latin language with elegance. When Roman scholarship became poor, that of Spain became poor also. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, there were few students. The clergy were sunk in ignorance. The old authors were scarcely read. The language was wholly ruined. The victorious Visigoths used its words but in forms which did not belong to them. Finally, the Arabs, with their schools, their writers, and their valu-

able libraries, enriched and refined it. Thus, gradually, the Spanish tongue was formed; and about the middle of the twelfth century it appeared in the public documents. The oldest piéce of writing in it yet discovered is dated A. D. 1155. In the reign of Alfonso X., King of Castile and Leon, from A. D. 1252 to A. D. 1282, it was settled and recognized. The Bible was translated into it, and it became the language of the state.

The beginning of Spanish literature is found in ballads, which in part express national feelings, opinions, and beliefs, and in part celebrate great men and great deeds. They were said and sung in the hut of the peasant, the hall of the prince, and beside the camp-fire of the border soldier. They were carefully handed down from father to son, and, though rude, were spirited and stirring. By far the greatest favorite among these is

The Ballad of the Cid.

So much esteemed has this ballad been in Spain, that no history of that country, however slight, can pass it without notice.

Rodrigo Diaz, the Cid Campeador, or Lord Champion, was born at Burgos, in 1025. At that time Gallicia, the Asturias, Leon, Old Castile, Biscay, Navarre, the northern half of Portugal, and a portion of Aragon and Catalonia, had been reconquered from the Moors. Much of this territory was united under Ferdinand I. of Castile. The remainder of the peninsula was divided into small states, governed by different Moorish kings.

Rodrigo was a mere boy when his father, Diego Lainez, was insulted by the powerful Count of Gomez. The old man could neither eat nor sleep for sorrow. Rodrigo took the sword Mudara, fought the count, cut off his head, and carried it to his parent, saying,—

> "Well have I avenged thee, father!
> Well have sped me in the fight;
> For to him is vengeance certain
> Who doth arm himself with right."

Count Gomez left a daughter named Ximena, who, at four different times, sought vengeance of the king upon the youth for killing her father, although it was in a fair fight. After the last visit to the palace, however, Rodrigo conquered

five Moorish chiefs, and her admiration of his bravery was so great, that, at a fifth interview with Ferdinand, she asked to be given to him in marriage.

The king, overjoyed at this, sent for Rodrigo, who went to the palace with a train of three hundred nobles, his friends and kinsmen, in new garments, and new armor well burnished and graven. The wedding was truly magnificent. The bridegroom wore "a pair of long, loose drawers, with fringes of purple, then his stockings, and over both a pair of wide breeches. His shoes were of cow's leather, and scarlet cloth, fastened over the instep with buckles. His shirt was even-edged, without fringe, embroidery, or stiffening,—for starch was then food for children,—and his doublet, or waistcoat, was of black satin, with loose sleeves, and quilted throughout. Over this he wore a slashed leathern jerkin,—or jacket, in memory of the many slashes he had given in the field,—a cloak lined with plush, and a cap of fine Flemish cloth, with a single cock's feather." His sword Tizona was girt about him with a new belt. The king, nobles, and bishop waited for him

in the court of the palace, and he walked in their midst to church to the sound of music. Ximena followed, with a veil over her head, and her hair, dressed out in large flaps, hanging down over her ears. She wore an embroidered gown of fine London cloth, and a close-fitting spencer with a flap behind. She walked on high-heeled clogs of red leather. A necklace of eight plates of gold, with a small image of St. Michael, which together were worth a city, hung round her neck.

The streets were strown with twigs of the sweet cypress; flowered cloths were hung from the windows; and the procession passed under a festive arch raised by the king at an expense of about ten pence. Returning from the church to the grand dinner, minstrels sang in honor of the wedded pair, and jesters danced and played. One of them was in the disguise of a bull, and another in that of a demon. To the latter the king gave sixteen maravedis, (between four and five cents,) "because he scared the women well."

The Cid had a favorite horse, good and faithful, and bold, too, as he had need to be, be-

longing to so great a warrior. His name was Babieca, (booby,) and this was the way that it came about. While yet a youth, Rodrigo asked his godfather, Don Peyre Pringos, for a colt. The priest, nothing loath, took him to a field where fine horses were feeding, and gave him his choice of the whole. Rodrigo looked at them all, and then pointed to a poor, half-starved colt, saying, "This will I have."

"Babieca!" exclaimed Don Peyre, wrathfully. "A bad choice you have made."

"No," replied Rodrigo; "a right fine horse will this be."

And so he proved when he was old enough to be mounted, and he feared nothing and nobody but his master.

The Cid performed many wonderful deeds, but he was too honest to suit King Alfonso whom he was then serving. So Alfonso banished him from Castile, took from him all his property, and even threatened to hang him. Nothing could shake the Cid's truth and loyalty. He said,—

"I obey, O King Alfonso,
Guilty though in nought I be;
For it doth behove a vassal
To obey his lord's decree.

Prompter far am I to serve thee
Than thou art to guerdon (reward) me.

"I do pray our Holy Lady
Her protection to afford,
That thou never mayst in battle
Need the Cid's right arm and sword."

Having embraced his wife and his two children, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, the Cid went into exile with sixty knights and vassals. He soon conquered several Moorish strongholds, and took a vast quantity of booty, a part of which he sent to Alfonso. In return, that monarch recalled him to Castile.

He was soon banished again; and, unable to remain quiet, he besieged and took Valencia. Again restored to the king's favor, the two Counts of Carrion asked his daughters in marriage. The wedding took place in Valencia, and was finer even than the Cid's own had been, since there were bull-fights, and feasting, and dancing, and jousting (mock fighting on horseback) for eight days. The Cid made splendid presents to the guests, for

"He who's great in deeds of battle
Will be great in all beside."

But the counts were sad cowards, as they showed even before their wedding garments were worn out. They were sitting with Don Bermudo, the Cid's nephew, when a lion escaped from his keepers, and bounded into the room.

> "Lo, loud outcries rent the palace,
> Shook its walls and turrets high!
> ''Ware the lion! 'ware the lion!
> He is loose!' was heard the cry."

The Cid was asleep; but awakened by the noise, threw his arms round the animal, patted him gently, and carried him to his den without receiving injury. When he returned he asked for his sons-in-law; when, lo! one was pulled from under the couch with his doublet torn across the shoulder, and the other was dragged from a wine press besmeared with the broken grapes. He was too enraged to speak at first; but on finding his voice, said, —

> "Had ye not your weapons by ye?
> Why then fled ye in such haste?
> Was the Cid not here? — then surely
> Ye could stand and *see* the beast."

He immediately forgave them, but they, morti-

fied and angry, could not forgive him for witnessing their conduct, and they determined to be revenged. They did not dare to attempt this upon Rodrigo; but they took their brides into the forest, stripped them, beat them, tore their flesh with their spurs, and tying them to trees, left them to starve. They were discovered by a servant of the Cid, and justice was demanded of the king.

The latter, therefore, called together the Cortez, or house of representatives, by whom it was commanded, that the counts and their uncle should give satisfaction to the Cid, by fighting three knights appointed by him.

"The heralds and the king are foremost in the place.
They clear away the people from the middle space;
They measure out the lists; the barriers they fix;
They point them out in order, and explain to all the six:
If you are forced beyond the lines where they are fixed and traced,
You shall be held as conquered, and beaten, and disgraced.
Six lances' length, on either side, an open space is laid;
They share the field between them, the sunshine and the shade.
Their office is performed, and from the middle space
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble champion;

Opposite, on the other side, the lords of Carrion.
Earnestly their minds are fixed, each upon the foe.
Face to face they take their place, anon the trumpets blow;
They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their lances low,
They bend their shields before their breasts, their face to the saddle-bow.
Earnestly their minds are fixed, each upon the foe;
The heavens are overcast above, the earth trembles below:
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show."

The Cid's knights were victorious, and the counts fled from Castile. After this, the ladies, their wives, married the princes of Aragon and Navarre.

The Cid died in Valencia, in 1099. The city was, at the time, besieged by the Moors; and his followers determined to leave it. So they embalmed (filled with spices) the body of their chief, as he had desired them to do. They put on him parchment armor painted to look like steel, placed his beloved sword, Tizona, in his hand, and fixed him upon Babieca with his feet fast to the stirrups. Silently, by night, they marched out and carried him to the convent of Cardena. At the command of Alfonso, they clothed him in the garments sent him by the sultan, and set him on a cushion covered with

gold cloth, on the seat which he had used when alive, erect, and with Tizona still in his left hand, while his right held the strings of his mantle. At the end of ten years he was buried before the high altar, sitting in his own chair, as he had done since his death.

Ximena outlived him four years, which she spent in the convent, keeping vigils and singing masses for the repose of his soul. Babieca survived him two years, and was then laid to rest before the gate of the monastery.

It is probable that the Cid did not perform all the mighty deeds which have been sung of him; but his picture is interesting and valuable, as showing what was expected in that early period of a perfect knight. He is at once brave and tender. He is obedient to his father even in manhood, is faithful to his king while receiving from him only injustice, is fond of his family, generous in giving, careful of the reputation of those about him, and, if easily angry, he as easily forgives. It is not wonderful that he has been for eight centuries the favorite hero of Spain.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SKETCH OF CERVANTES.

THE chronicle followed the ballad. It was in part history, in part story; but it described truly the customs and feelings of the age. Romances of chivalry, (tales of impossible feats performed by gallant knights) were extremely popular. They were so generally read, indeed, and their influence was thought to be so bad in rendering their admirers discontented with a quiet life of honest labor, that in 1553 it was forbidden the inhabitants of the American colonies belonging to Spain to print, sell, or read them. In 1555, the Cortez desired that they might be forbidden in Spain also. Half a century later than this, the greatest genius which that country ever produced, put an end to them by a work which will be read as long as the world lasts. This work is called "Don Quixote," and the author is Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Cervantes was born in A. D. 1547, at Alcala

de Henares, a walled city seventeen miles northeast from Madrid, on the right bank of the River Henares. He was so anxious to learn that he never passed a scrap of paper even in the streets without picking it up and reading whatever was written on it. He delighted in legends, stories of dragons and enchanters, and tales of the old Moorish wars. He loved poetry and plays also.

One day, when he was about ten years old, he was absent at dinner time, which was not usual. Besides, the dinner was a really festive one, and that it was to be so the little fellow knew. First, the soup was uncommonly good, with an extra seasoning of saffron. Next, there were slices of fresh fish fried in oil with yolks of eggs, and, lastly, there was asparagus with rich red peppered sausages, and a bottle of Valdepenas wine.

"What can have become of Miguel?" asked the mother, over and over again.

Just as the family rose from the table, Cervantes came tearing along and burst into the room, exclaiming, "I've seen him! I've seen him! O, the wonderful Lope! O, the funny Lope!"

"The who, child?" asked Madame Cervantes.

"Lope de Rueda, mother. He's here, and his men, and all his things. I've seen them, every one of them."

"How was it, truly, and where did you go, and what did you see?" asked Rodrigo, his older brother.

"Why, I don't know as it was, after all, so very, very grand," replied Miguel. "Lope brought his things in a great sack. He had four white, shepherds' jackets, turned up with leather, gilded and stamped, some false beards and hair some shepherds' crooks, and some black paint."

"And where was the theatre?"

"O, in the court behind the printing office. They put four benches in a square, and laid five or six boards across them. Then they fixed an old blanket on cords for a curtain, and behind that they dressed. The musicians sat there, too, and sang old ballads, but without any guitar. There are three actors besides Lope, and three musicians. May I go again this afternoon, father? Lope asked the people to go home and get their dinner, and come right back again to see another play?"

The more Miguel went to this fine theatre, the more he liked to go; and his mother was glad that Lope staid only two or three days at a time, and then went away with his jackets, and his beards, and his old blanket to Madrid and Sevilla, and other towns about.

Lope de Rueda founded the national theatre of Spain. He wrote his own plays, was an excellent actor, and was highly successful in spite of his simple accommodations.

For poor young men at that time there was no chance of money or rank except by becoming a priest or a soldier; and Miguel joined the army.

It is difficult for us now to picture to ourselves the fear of the Arabs and Turks which was for centuries felt by the dwellers along the northern shore of the Mediterranean. They were never safe. Whether cultivating their vineyards, or creeping in trading vessels along the coast, the corsairs pounced upon them. They killed such as resisted, burned the cottages and churches, sunk or seized the vessels, and fled with their captives, whom they sold into slavery. Some of these captives were kept in dungeons; some,

chained to the oar, toiled till they dropped dead on the deck of their galleys. Some worked in the fields under a broiling sun; others were driven to the mountains, and almost without covering, were exposed to cold and storms. In this case, too, the higher race was held in bondage by the lower. Besides the mere peasants, there were thousands well born, well educated, accustomed to refined society, and occupying or looking forward to posts of usefulness and honor. They were thus compelled, not only to hopeless labor, but to labor of a kind for which they were unfit, and from which the mind suffered still more than the body. A few, indeed, were ransomed. Charitable societies raised funds for this purpose. The ransom demanded was, however, often great, and a comparatively small number found their way back to their homes.

Miguel was, therefore, much gratified when, in 1570, his regiment was sent under Don John of Austria, a son of Charles V., to join the expedition fitting out from Naples against the Turks. Spain contributed more than a hundred vessels, and twenty-three thousand men. The hostile fleets met at the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto.

Don John, the commander-in-chief or high admiral, passed with a crucifix in his hand from ship to ship. He represented the cause as holy, and exhorted both officers and men to exert them selves to the utmost. Returning to his own ship, he knelt in prayer. Then the trumpets sounded, and the battle began. The men fought like heroes. Even Don John's favorite monkey took part in the action. He picked up a shell which had fallen at the feet of his master, and threw it overboard. Perhaps he thus saved his life. Cervantes' galley, the Marquesa, singled out the captain of Alexandria. The soldiers killed nearly five hundred Turks and took the royal banner of Egypt. Only fifty Turkish galleys escaped. At least twenty-five thousand Turks perished, and seven thousand were taken captive.

Cervantes received three wounds; one of them in his left hand, from which it never recovered. At the end of his third campaign he obtained leave to visit Spain, from which country he had been absent seven years. He carried letters addressed to Philip II. from Don John and the viceroy of Sicily, recommending him ear-

nestly to the royal notice, and desiring that he might be suitably advanced and honored.

He embarked at Naples in The Sun, with several officers of distinction, and his brother Rodrigo, who was also a soldier. But the galley was captured by corsairs, and the captives were carried as slaves to Algiers. The letters which Cervantes had so hardly earned, and which he valued so much, added to his misfortunes, for they led to the belief that he was of high rank. In order to obtain a great and quick ransom he was loaded with chains, thrown into a loathsome dungeon, and tortured in various ways.

He did not despair. As soon as he left his prison he planned a way of escape for himself and his companions, whom he supported by his cheerfulness and wit. He gained over a Moor, whom he engaged to guide them to Oran, two hundred and ten miles from Algiers, on the Mediterranean. It belonged to Spain, and once there, they would be safe. They arranged every thing so well that they made a whole day's journey unpursued. But the Moor was treacherous. He left them, and they were obliged to return to Algiers. The punishment for such

attempts was often terrible. The wretched captives were sometimes burned, sometimes beaten to death and sometimes killed in ways even more cruel if possible. But Cervantes would not cease his efforts.

In the midsummer of 1576 some of his companions were ransomed; and among others, the ensign Castaneda. He carried letters from Rodrigo and Miguel to their father, begging for ransom money. Upon receiving them, the father reduced himself and his family to poverty to raise what he supposed to be the required sum. This he sent to Miguel; and all was joy in the little cottage at the thought of seeing again the two dear sons and brothers. They were disappointed.

"Bah!" said Dali-Mani, Cervantes' master. "Nothing less than five hundred crowns frees that witty dog of a Christian."

"Better less, than nothing," said the messenger.

"No, never. Gaula!" (so may Allah help me,) replied the Moslem; and Miguel, with a heavy heart, gave his brother his share of the money.

Rodrigo was liberated in August, 1577. He carried letters, not only from Miguel, but also from many captives of high rank, desiring the governors of the provinces on the sea coast to fit out an armed frigate, which should land at a certain spot, and take on board such as could make their way thither at the time.

Three miles to the east of Algiers there was a summer house and garden, in which a Spaniard, named John, was employed. Unknown to any one, John dug a large cave, thinking that himself or others might have need of it. To this cave, under the direction of Miguel, fourteen or fifteen slaves went as they were able, and he provided for their wants. John kept the wicket, and would not admit visitors to the garden, pretending that it was forbidden. Another slave, called the Gilder, carried the food to the cave. When Miguel thought that it was time for the vessel to arrive, he also entered the cave. His calculations were correct; but the frigate was seen, surprised, and all on board were killed or made prisoners.

The next morning the Gilder betrayed the

retreat of the Christians to Hassan Aga, the commandant of Algiers. Hassan was a Venetian, and his real name was Andreta. He was a ferocious brute; and there was no master so much dreaded in the city. He was overjoyed at the Gilder's news, because he could seize these Christians as lost slaves. He sent thirty Turkish soldiers to bring them and the gardener, John, into his presence. They were chained, two and two; and a mob collected, who followed them, with hootings and cursings, to the very gate of the palace.

Hassan knew that Miguel was the leader among them; and he tried by the most terrible threats and the most attractive promises to make him betray his accomplices. But this Cervantes nobly refused, saying, "I planned the attempt; I gave directions to the Spanish governors; I helped my countrymen to reach the cave; I furnished them food. Upon me let the punishment fall."

Tired at last, and struck with his courage and generosity, Hassan concluded not to burn him, but to cast him, weighed down with irons, into his slave hut. He even restored

nim to Dali-Mani, but afterwards bought him for five hundred crowns.

Still Cervantes continued to plan and hope. He became acquainted with a Spaniard who had pretended to become a Mohammedan. His real name was Giron. He was penitent, and desired to return to his own country. They applied for aid to two merchants of Valencia, settled in Algiers. An armed frigate was purchased, under the pretence of going on a cruise. The crew were engaged. Sixty captives would have escaped in it, but a vile Dominican monk betrayed the plan to Hassan. As before, Cervantes could not be driven to make known any thing, declaring that he was willing to die but that he would not be dishonored.

The last effort made by Cervantes was the scheming of an insurrection of the Christian slaves. Their number was not less than twenty-five thousand, and they might properly hope to succeed. But this, also, was discovered, and Cervantes was once more brought before his master. Wild with rage, his eyes glaring, a line of foam on his purple

lips, Hassan looked more like an enraged beast than a human being; and he could scarcely, at first, speak his commands or threats.

"Punish me as you will," said Cervantes; "but, God helping me, no other man shall suffer through me."

"Then go to the fire!" thundered Hassan; and he stamped on the marble floor. "Let it scorch your brain! let it shrivel your heart! let it blind your eyes! let it burn! burn! burn! Take him away, I say!"

A rope was thrown around the neck of the noble Spaniard, and he walked steadily towards the door. But before he had reached it Hassan called him back. He looked at the captive from head to foot. He marked the abundant chestnut locks clustering round his lofty brow; his open blue eye beaming with honest kindness, and sparkling with sense and fire; the mouth firm, yet sweet; his erect, fearless carriage; the whole air of the man who was so brave, yet so tender; and his wrath was, moment by moment, quieted. "Let him live," he said, "for Allah has made few such

men. Guards, conduct him to prison. Let his irons be doubled in size; for while he is at large, neither my slaves, my galleys, nor my capital are safe."

Cervantes was not forgotten in the old town of Alcala. His father was dead; but his mother gave all she had, with the trifling property of her two daughters, towards his ransom, which she made the grand purpose of her life. She borrowed, also, as much as she could hope to repay by her humble labor, and begged small sums of the charitable, till she had collected a considerable part of the amount required. Each piece of silver was wetted once and again with her tears. Over each, as it glittered in her trembling fingers, hard and black with toil, she breathed an earnest prayer. With burning anxiety, with wasting doubts and countless fears, she intrusted them to the commissioners of Castile and Andalusia, who hoped to free numbers of captives belonging to those provinces.

The commissioners arrived at Algiers just as Cervantes was about to embark with his master for Constantinople, where no aid could

have reached him. Hassan, too, demanded a thousand crowns for him; so that his last chance for freedom seemed on the point of escaping him. But one of the commissioners, a priest named John Gil, was deeply interested in his fate. He gave Hassan no peace until he agreed to accept five hundred crowns in Spanish gold; and then, after taking all that he thought just from the general fund of Castile, he was obliged to borrow from European merchants.

Cervantes returned home in the autumn of 1580, happy to be once more under the beloved roof, although his family were in bitter poverty. He again entered the army; but marrying, in 1584, a young lady to whom he was much attached, he desired to settle quietly in Castile. The government treated him, as it has treated nearly all the great men of Spain, with ingratitude and neglect. The bloody tyrant, Philip II., was too busy in plundering, burning, and beheading his subjects to bestow on him a thought. Hoping to obtain something by his pen he wrote dramas and novels. These were not without

merit; but they are almost forgotten in the fame of his Don Quixote, which is one of the most admired productions of human genius.

Cervantes was always poor; but he was diligent, cheerful, and generous. He died in A. D. 1616. No monument was raised to his memory until 1835, when a bronze statue of him, larger than life, was set up in Madrid. This is thought to have been the first ever erected in Spain in honor of any man of letters or science.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANECDOTES OF THE SPANISH PAINTERS.

Spanish art, like every thing else in Spain, has been greatly injured by the bigotry of the priesthood, backed by the Inquisition, the officers and supporters of which were meddlesome and tyrannical. Real genius, however, will make itself felt, and so it has done in the peninsula.

Nothing can well be more tiresome than a mere description of pictures which one has never seen, and will never see. I shall, therefore, give such facts and anecdotes as will show the characters and habits of some of the Spanish painters, rather than a catalogue of their works.

Francisco Ribalta

was born about 1551, at Castellon de la Plaza. He was early placed under a master, but, although he was very diligent, his thoughts

were constantly flying from the flat features and stiff figures drawn by that worthy to the sparkling countenance and dancing form of his daughter. He named her Saida, or the Happy; and he painted best when he could hear her footstep or her song. No matter what picture he was set to copy, there was sure to be something in his own piece that resembled the sprightly beauty. If his subject was a grim old monk, Saida's face shone down on him in the likeness of an angel; if a soldier leaving for the wars, Saida's were the eyes which looked after him full of tears; if the Virgin Mary, Saida was still there, only grave and tender instead of gay.

"How is this?" exclaimed his master, angrily. "Always the same. Always the same. Always a line, a tint, a somewhat like my daughter. How dare you, young man, think about her, and paint her so much?"

"Because I love her," answered Ribalta.

"Love her!" repeated the master. "And do you tell me so to my face? Go; leave me. Leave this house. Leave Valencia. My

daughter shall marry a great painter, not a bungler like you."

Francisco was amazed at the order, and very sorrowful. He, however, put up his brushes, his best sketches, and the few garments which belonged to him, and went to the fountain. There he waited to see Saida when she should come to fill her pitcher for the evening meal.

"O Francisco!" she exclaimed when she met him. "O Francisco, are you really going? You are not,—you cannot mean to go entirely away from us."

"Yes, I do, Saida," answered Francisco; "but I shall come back. Don't cry, Saida, but listen. Your father says you shall marry a great painter, and I can and will be one. I should have started for Italy long ago, only I could not resolve to leave you. I thought that—perhaps—perhaps we might be married, and go together. But that cannot be. Doubtless it is better as it is. I shall study more and work harder if I think that every hour of toil hastens my return to you. But, Saida, will you wait? Will you promise not to let your father coax or drive you into marrying

any body else? And will you promise not to love any body as well as you do me?"

"I need not promise that," said Saida. "You know that I can never love any body as I do you; and you know that I will marry no one else. But how long and sad the time will be!"

For an hour or more the young people sat together, laying plans and talking of Italy and Italian art. At length Saida smiled through her tears, and went home almost happy; and Francisco walked away, taking advantage of the cool night air for his journey.

Months went by. The afternoon was hot. Saida fell asleep over a scarf which she was working. She felt a light touch upon her cheek. She awoke with a start. Francisco's arms were around her. They began to talk fast, when Francisco perceived an unfinished picture by his old master. "Saida," he said, "I will finish this painting and go out. Say nothing to your father when he comes home. Let him think it the work of a stranger, and judge of it as such."

In an hour the picture was completed, and

the artist was hidden behind some orange trees in the garden. Pretty soon the master returned. He walked towards the picture and looked at it with astonishment. Astonishment gave place to admiration. "It is perfect!" he exclaimed. "What richness! what harmony! The drawing, too, has been improved. Who has been here, daughter? He is the man to whom I will marry you, instead of that dauber, Ribalta."

"Of course you will marry me to him," said Saida, roguishly. "I don't doubt it in the least—for he is Ribalta."

A wedding followed, and Ribalta's fame spread far and wide.

Luis Tristan

was a Toledan. He painted the Last Supper for the Hieronymite monastery of La Sisla. The monks liked the work, but were unwilling to pay the price for it, which was two hundred ducats, (four hundred and fifty dollars.) They, therefore, sent for Tristan's master, the famous El Greco, in order that he might value the picture. No sooner had he looked at it than

he raised his stick and ran at his pupil, calling him a scoundrel and a disgrace to the profession.

"Gently, gently," said an old monk. "The poor lad did not know what he asked. No doubt he will yield to you without your threshing or even threatening him."

"In good truth," replied El Greco, "he does not know what he has asked; and if he does not get five hundred ducats for the picture, I desire that it may be rolled up and carried to my house."

The Hieronymites were astonished; but after some grumbling paid the larger sum.

Esteban March

was born at the end of the sixteenth century at Valencia. He was odd and violent. He liked to paint battle-pieces; and his study was hung with pikes, javelins, cutlasses, and other arms. When about to commence painting, he beat a drum or blew a trumpet, and then laid about him furiously with his sword, attacking imaginary enemies or defending himself from them. Having thus aroused his imagination,

he set to work and threw off many bold and spirited pictures.

His habits were bad; and he would only paint when he was inclined to do so, or when he was driven to the pencil by want. He went out early one day, leaving nothing to eat in the house. He did not return until past midnight, when he brought only a few fishes, which he insisted upon having cooked for supper.

"There is no oil," said his wife, who, tired and hungry, trembled with fear.

"Then go get some, Juan!"

"Willingly, master," replied the pupil; "but the shops are all shut."

"Take linseed oil, if that's the best you can do!" shouted the artist; "for I will have the fish fried."

Nothing can be more nauseous than hot linseed oil; and March had no sooner tasted it, than, seizing the fish and the frying pan, he threw them out of the window. Juan, knowing his ways, threw after them the earthen chafing dish and charcoal. The painter was delighted. He gave the youth a hug like a

bear, and went to bed in better humor than for a long time.

Diego Velasquez de Silva

was born at Seville in 1599. He is the finest court painter of Spain, while Murillo is the best painter of religious pictures. He kept a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him as a study, and he sketched him in every position, — laughing, crying, sleeping, and the like. He used charcoal and white chalk on blue paper, and thus learned to catch likenesses with ease and rapidity.

One of his most celebrated works is the portrait of Adrian Pulido Pariga, captain-general of the Spanish forces in New Spain. Philip IV. had ordered the admiral to depart at a given time; but entering the artist's painting room after the hour named by him, saw, as he thought, the weather-beaten face of the officer looking out from the further corner. "Still here!" exclaimed the king. "Why are you not gone?"

There was no answer; and Philip stepped hastily forward, when he discovered his mistake.

"I assure you that I was deceived," he said, turning to Velasquez.

Velasquez had a slave, whose name was

Pareja.

He ground the colors for his master, cleaned his pencils, prepared his palette or paint plate, and went with him whenever he travelled abroad. He loved to paint, and often sat up all night busy with his pictures. He, however, trembled at every noise, knowing that Velasquez would be seriously angry if he should discover that he was attempting any thing so much above his station.

Velasquez' study was in the palace of King Philip IV.; and the king kept a key, so that he could go in and out as he pleased. When in the apartment, he was accustomed to order those pictures which were placed with the painted side to the wall to be turned, so that he could see them. Pareja noticed this; and he one day placed one of his own sketches in this position. Philip entered as usual, and as usual ordered the pictures to be turned. Pareja obeyed; and when he came

to his own, he threw himself at the king's feet, confessed that it was his, and begged the monarch to persuade his master to forgive him for what he had done.

"Forgive you?" replied Philip, pleased with the work. "Forgive you? Yes, that he will, I am quite sure." Then turning to Velasquez, he said, "So good an artist ought no longer to be a slave."

"You know best, sire," replied the artist. "Pareja, you are free. The king will himself be a witness for you."

Pareja never left his master; and after his death he served his daughter with equal affection. He painted portraits finely, and so entirely in the style of Velasquez, that they might easily be mistaken for his.

Antonio Pareda

was born at Valladolid, in 1599. He married a lady of rank who was so proud that she would associate only with very stylish people. She was determined to have a dueña, or lady in waiting, to sit in her ante-chamber; an attendant whom her husband could not or

would not support. He therefore painted on a screen a picture of an old lady at her needle, with spectacles on her nose. So truthfully was this done, that guests saluted her as they passed, mistaking her for a real dueña too deaf or too careless to notice them. Doña Pareda outlived her husband twenty-nine years, and for all her fine airs, died in great poverty.

Alonso Cano

was born in Seville, in 1601. He was a good painter and sculptor.

A judge of Granada once desired him to make an image of St. Anthony of Padua. When it was finished the judge came to see it, and liked it much. "What shall I pay you for it?" he asked of the artist.

"One hundred doubloons," (sixteen hundred dollars,) replied Cano.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the judge. "How many days have you spent upon it?"

"About five and twenty," returned the sculptor.

"Well, that comes to four doubloons (sixty-four dollars) a day."

"Your lordship reckons wrong," answered Cano; "for I have spent fifty years in learning how to carve it in twenty-five days."

"That is all very well," persisted the judge; "but I have spent all the money that my parents left me, and my whole youth at the university. Now, here I am, judge of Granada — a higher profession than yours; and if I get a doubloon a day, I think myself lucky."

"A higher profession, indeed!" shouted the sculptor. "The king can make judges out of the dust of the earth; but God alone can make an Alonso Cano." Then seizing the image, he dashed it in pieces on the floor.

The judge ran away as fast as his feet would carry him, in fear lest the angry sculptor should treat him also to a blow.

Cano was bigoted almost beyond belief, and hated especially the Jews who had been punished by the Inquisition. These wretched people, whose property had been taken from them, sold linen and other articles in the street to keep them from starving. They were obliged to wear a garment called the *san benito*, that all might know them. This

was made of two pieces of yellow cloth, the one covering the breast, the other the back, with a flaming red cross stamped or worked on it. If, in his walks, one of these penitents, as they were called, brushed against Cano ever so lightly, he sent his servant home for another cloak or doublet, and gave him the one he had on, and which he thought wholly spoiled. The servant, however, could only sell it, not being allowed to use it in any way. It was suspected that he sometimes himself twitched his master's cloak as the Jew passed, when he would say, "It was the least touch in the world, sir; it cannot matter."

"Not matter, you scoundrel! In such things as these every thing matters," Cano would reply; and the servant would get the cloak.

Returning home unexpectedly, Cano once found a penitent in the kitchen, who had been let in by the housekeeper that she might buy some of his linen. Unwilling to touch the man, he looked round for a stick or poker to beat him, and thus gave him time to fly. The housekeeper ran also, nor was she permitted to return until she was supposed to be thoroughly purified

It was some days before things were in order again, for Cano cleansed the kitchen floor by repaving the spot where the Jew had stood, and gave away the shoes in which he had followed his track.

Cano lived near the prison of the Inquisition. When on his death bed, the priest of the parish visited him, and offered to administer the sacrament to him after he had confessed.

"Do you administer it to the Jews who have been punished by the Inquisition?" asked Cano.

"I do," answered the priest.

"Well, then," said Cano, "go with God, and do not trouble yourself to call again; for the priest who administers the sacrament to the penitent Jews shall not administer it to me."

Another priest was called. He came in haste, and put into the artist's hands a crucifix badly carved.

"Take it away! Take it away!" exclaimed Cano.

"My son," replied the priest, "what do you mean? This is the Lord who redeemed you, and who must save you."

"I know that well," said the painter; "but

why do you provoke me with this wretched thing? Let me have a simple cross, for with that I can worship Christ as he is in himself, and as I see him in my own mind."

This was done, and Cano died quietly and without fear.

Juan Carreno de Miranda

was an Asturian, and was born at Aviles, in 1614. He drew correctly, and his coloring was rich and soft.

He was very good natured, and performed many kind acts. Gregorio Utande, an artist of small ability, painted, for the Carmelite nuns at Alcala de Henares, a Martyrdom of St. Stephen, for which he asked one hundred ducats, (two hundred and twenty-five dollars.) The price seemed too large to the sisterhood, who consented that it should be valued by Carreno and Barnuevo. Utande went to Madrid, called on Carreno, gave him a jar of honey, and begged him to retouch his St. Stephen. Carreno readily undertook this, and, in fact, repainted it.

A few days after, he was astonished at being called upon to value it; which he, of course, re-

fused to do. It was left, therefore, to Barnuevo, who set the price at two hundred ducats. Utande received the money, and told the trick. The picture was long called "The Jar of Honey."

Carreno was visiting Don Pedro de Arce, when a dispute arose as to the painter of a certain picture, which every one called a wretched daub. "It at least," said Carreno, pleasantly, "shows that no man need despair of improving in art, for I painted it myself when I was a beginner."

While his brush was in his hand he knew nothing of what was going on. One morning, as he was at work, two friends, sitting by, drank his chocolate. The maid-servant removed the cup, when Carreno, aroused, said that he had not breakfasted.

"But the cup is empty, master," returned the girl.

"Still, I have not tasted a drop; of that I am certain. Have I done so?" he asked of his guests.

"Certainly," they replied.

"Well, really," he said, "I was so busy that I had entirely forgotten it."

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo

was born in Seville, in 1617. As soon as he had learned to read and write, he began to draw, under a master. He was, while yet young, left an orphan and very poor; but his courage did not fail. He painted a few of the more popular saints, some landscapes and flower pieces, which he sold for a trifle. He then placed his sister with an uncle, and, unknown to any one, took the road to Madrid. He there visited Velasquez, who gave him a home in his house, and procured for him many advantages of study. Henceforth his path was easy. He married a wealthy and noble wife, and found abundance of work for his pencil.

He cared little on what material he painted. Once, when employed at a convent, the cook of the establishment served him with great zeal. As he was about to depart, this brother begged for some slight sketch, when it was discovered that there was no more canvas.

"Never mind," said the cook, who feared that he might miss the picture, "take this napkin;' and he held out the one which the artist had used at dinner.

Murillo took it with a laugh, and before evening it was worth more than its weight in gold. He had painted on it a "Virgin and Child," still known as the "Virgin of the Napkin."

Antonio Castillo y Saavedra, of Cordova, believed himself to be the best painter of the time. Unfortunately for himself, he visited Seville, and saw there some specimens of Murillo's skill. Overcome with surprise, he exclaimed, "It is all over with Castillo!" He returned to Cordova, and attempted to imitate the coloring which he so much admired. He failed lamentably, and died the following year, broken-hearted at his disappointment.

Over the altar in Murillo's parish church hung a famous picture of the Descent of Christ from the Cross, by an old Flemish painter. Day after day Murillo lingered before it, and when asked why he staid so long, he answered, "I am waiting till those men have brought the body of our blessed Lord down the ladder." Beneath this altar-piece he was buried with great pomp. His grave was covered with a stone slab, on which was carved his name, a skeleton, and the Latin of these words — "Live as if about to die."

Murillo was energetic and industrious, yet amiable in disposition, and winning in manner. As a master he was thorough but gentle, and continued a generous and thoughtful friend to his pupils after they left him.

The house owned by Murillo is close to the city wall of Seville. "Around the three sides of the court there is the usual Sevilian arcade, a series of arches supported on white marble pillars, above which the walls are painted in imitation of red and yellow brick work; and in the centre a small marble fountain plays from a star-shaped basin of glazed tiles amongst pots of flowering shrubs. Murillo's study is on the upper floor. Its windows command a pleasant prospect beyond the Moorish walls. Looking over the grove of orange trees, you see to the right the royal tobacco factory, built after Murillo's time, and in front a wide reach of corn land broken with olive groves and ancient convents. The back of the house looks on a pretty garden planted with citrons and cypresses, and closed by a fountain built of rock-work, and a wall on which are four faded paintings."

An amusing story is told of an altar-piece by

Murillo, owned by a brotherhood of Flemish friars. An Englishman bought it, and, at the request of the monks, put his seal and signature on the back of the canvas, that he might be sure not to get cheated. It was, as he supposed, sent to him in England, and was greatly admired as a real Murillo. Several years afterwards the Englishman visited the monastery, when he was surprised to find his picture still hanging on the chapel wall. It proved on examination that the fathers, more shrewd than honest, kept a good copy under the original painting, so that one purchaser after another bought the original, but put his seal on the copy.

Juan Ximenes Donoso

was born in Consuegra, in 1628. He was admired as an architect, but his taste was bad.

He called one day on Claudio Coello, and, as the painter was out, he left his name with the servant. The latter forgot the name, and when her master returned said, that all she could remember was that it began with Don, and ended with the name of a wild beast.

"Of a wild beast!" repeated Coello. "Was it *leon? tigre?* or was it *oso?*" (bear.)

"Yes, sir; that's it," answered the maid. "It was Oso, with Don."

Donoso was from this nicknamed "Don Oso," or "Sir Bruin."

Evarista Munoz

was a Valencian, and was a rapid but not a fine painter. He danced, fenced, and acted on the stage, and so amused his friends and patrons.

He is, perhaps, remembered chiefly on account of his unlucky marriages. First, he wedded, as he thought, the widow of a man who had died in slavery at Algiers. But the captive returned, and claimed his wife. He then wedded the wife of a soldier who was believed to have fallen at Messina or Catania But the soldier also appeared, and took back his spouse. Poor Munoz was persevering, and married a third time; but to make sure he was right, he selected a young girl, and remained undisturbed.

Francisco Goya

was the last distinguished Spanish painter. He lived in the reign of Charles IV. He despised the monks and friars, and enjoyed making people laugh at the lazy Jeronymites and the filthy Franciscans. He joked in colors, and he used them also to express his anger and scorn. Even the burning of heretics, and the stately religious processions, he turned into ridicule.

He painted with sticks, sponges, and dish-towels as often as with the brush; and sometimes gave expression to his faces by a dash of his thumb. He could execute a whole picture with his paint knife. When with his friends, he often took up a sand box, shook the sand on the table, and with his finger made all manner of droll sketches. He did not hesitate even to make sport of the vulgar, vicious, and red-faced queen, Maria Louisa of Parma, and of the handsome but wicked minister, Godoy.

Goya died in 1828.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HOME LIFE OF A QUEEN.

CHARLES II. was proclaimed king October 8, 1665, at the age of four years. He was so sickly and so improperly treated, that he was ten years old before he was allowed to put his foot to the ground. He never really reigned. The royal authority was exercised during his youth by his mother, who was unfit for the task, and afterwards by ministers, who regarded their own interest rather than that of Spain.

In 1679 Charles married Louise d'Orleans, niece of Louis XIV. of France. She was in her eighteenth year, and was charming in person and manner. Her eyes were large and dark, full of animation, yet sweet in expression; her eyebrows were finely arched; her lips were rosy; and her thick, long hair was of a dark chestnut color. She danced gracefully, and was a fearless rider. She hoped

to marry her cousin, the dauphin, heir to the French crown, and to remain in her native country; but she was sacrificed to the supposed interests of France.

When she first saw her future husband she was for a moment too much surprised to salute him. He was tall, and sufficiently well shaped, but he had a sickly complexion, and the gentle expression of his eyes did not make up for his wide mouth and hanging Austrian lip. His dress, too, was doubtless unexpected by the lovely French girl, being a close, short-bodied coat of gray cloth, velvet breeches, stockings of raw silk, and a gray hat. His hair, which was ridiculously long, was combed behind his ears.

The queen made her public entrance into Madrid on a fiery Andalusian horse. Her riding habit was heavy with embroidery. White and crimson feathers waved from her hat, which was looped up at one side by a diamond clasp. From this hung the wonderful pearl called Peregrina, and on one finger she wore a diamond, thought to be the finest in the world. But no one minded her jewels, so winning was

her face, and so easily did she manage her high-spirited steed.

The procession was as dazzling as silver and gold, satins, velvets, and precious stones could make it. It passed under triumphal arches, through streets hung with tapestry, and adorned with sculpture, or set out with characteristic ornaments. The street of the furriers was lined with stuffed tigers and bears, and that of the goldsmiths glittered with little angels. When the queen arrived at the great court of the palace, he found it surrounded with young men and maidens who were crowned with reeds and water lilies, and represented the rivers of her new kingdom. Others represented the provinces; and all offered homage in their name. There Louise was received by the king and queen-mother. At night there were displays of fireworks.

On the following day, the king and queen went to the church of Our Lady of Atocha, in a carriage built like a triumphal car. As it was evening when they returned, the city was illuminated. The Plaza Mayor seemed all ablaze. The buildings were lofty, having

five rows of balconies, one above another, and three thousand torches were fastened to them.

Various amusements followed, especially that of the chase. At one of the latter, the Duke d'Infantado, who acted as royal huntsman, led the queen, as if by accident, to the pleasantest part of the forest, where some little streams kept the grass fresh and thick. A canopy of gold-cloth was stretched beneath the trees. In the boughs were monkeys, squirrels, and fine birds. Boys clothed in fantastic garments, and girls dressed as nymphs and shepherdesses, offered refreshments in elegant dishes.

To the world the lot of Louise seemed to be all that could be desired, but it was in reality far otherwise. She was a slave to rules and forms which were all the more burdensome because they were useless.

The king had given her a fine Andalusian horse, which was not fully broken. She mounted him in the palace court, when the animal reared, and threw her from the saddle. Her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was drawn along the ground. It was a crime to touch a queen of Spain, and doubly a crime to touch her foot.

Charles was motionless with terror, and no one at first dared to aid her. Two Spanish cavaliers at length sprang forward. One seized the bridle of the horse, while the other raised her majesty. Then, hastening home, they made preparations for departure. The Count of Peñaranda, however, approached the queen, and explained to her the risk which the noblemen had run. Equally surprised and shocked, she turned to the king and begged their pardon; which being granted, messengers were instantly sent to the cavaliers, who arrived just in season to prevent their flight to a foreign country.

It was the royal custom to provide each queen with a superintendent of her household, called *camerara mayor*, who held almost entire control over her daily acts. In this case the superintendent was the Duchess of Terraneuva. She was sixty years old, pale and wrinkled in face, lean and skinny in figure, with small, sharp eyes, a harsh voice, and a furious temper. She seemed to desire nothing so much as to make the queen uncomfortable. She was always stealing slyly about, hiding behind curtains, and listening at doors and convenient

cracks. She would not permit the queen to look out of the window, or to speak a word of French. She even killed, with her own hand, two beautiful parrots which Louise had brought from home, because they spoke that language, and abused her French dogs at every opportunity. The queen's French attendants all left her, unable to bear the ill treatment which they experienced. For more than a hundred years her predecessors had been expected to retire to bed at ten o'clock in summer, and at nine in winter. Louise often forgot the hour, when her woman would, while she was still at supper, without saying a word, take down her hair and draw off her shoes to hasten her departure.

Fresh from the elegant amusements and the tasteful life of Paris, she was refused the pleasing gayeties to which she was accustomed, and was dragged to the court amusements, which she loathed. The long Spanish comedies wearied her, and she was violently ill from seeing two of the combatants in a bull-fight killed by the enraged brute. Yet even this was not the worst. She was compelled to be present

at an *auto-da-fé*, celebrated in the Plaza Mayor, the various ceremonies of which lasted from seven o'clock in the morning till nine at night. One lovely Jewess, about seventeen years old, stood close beside her, and begged of her for mercy. "Will not your royal presence," she cried, "bring some change to my dreadful fate? Consider my youth, and remember that this concerns a belief which I drew in with my earliest breath."

The queen wept, but was silent. She could do nothing. She did not, indeed, see the actual burning of the twenty Jews, which took place after midnight; but the horrors of that day remained long in her memory.

King Charles was temperate and mild, but irresolute, timid, superstitious, and extremely ignorant. He did not even know the names of some of the more considerable towns and important provinces of his kingdom; and, in the war with France, sometimes pitied the Emperor of Germany because he believed him to have lost cities which had, in fact, belonged to himself. As he advanced in years, he shut himself up more and more in his palace with

his favorite dwarfs, and his menagerie, which was large and valuable. He loved his wife, who did her best to amuse him, and whose sweetness of temper was unfailing. But he was often cold in consequence of the hints of the duchess, who endeavored to make him jealous of her.

At last, Louise procured the dismissal of the fierce old woman, who departed in a storm of rage. She was happier after this, as the new *camerara* was kind and respectful; but she had still many annoyances. She was to receive about sixteen hundred dollars a month for her personal and household expenses, but six months sometimes went by without her receiving a copper, and she was obliged to borrow even for her charities.

Public affairs, also, became daily more hopeless. Not only were the demands of foreign governments for debts long due them disregarded, but officers of the army, and even governors of fortresses, in vain tried to obtain the payment of their salaries. The soldiers of the royal guard struggled with beggars for a morsel of the bread dealt out by the convents.

Couriers could not leave the capital for want of means. The grooms in the royal stables, who had received nothing for many months, ran away and left the animals unfed. Money was wanted for the daily expenses of Charles's table. Great families were compelled to melt their plate; and in several parts of the kingdom men perished daily from hunger. To so low a point had misgovernment sunk this once powerful and wealthy country.

Queen Louise died in 1689, after a reign of nine years. She had borne cheerfully the sacrifice of all her early hopes, and had shown, in the difficult position in which she had been placed, patience, fortitude, generosity, and good sense.

After her death, Charles married Maria Anna, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and sister of the reigning Empress of Germany and the Queen of Portugal. She was not beautiful, like Louise, nor did she dress as tastefully. She had fine, fair hair, which she wore in many plaits, and which she filled with ribbons and feathers until they spread out almost enough to balance her enormous hoop. She was not

subdued by Spanish gloom. She laughed heartily at the court fool, and when reproved by her husband, she replied that she could not help it, and that the fellow must be removed if she must not seem amused by him.

Charles died in the year 1700. He was the last monarch of the house of Austria, and closed the native line of Gothic sovereigns. He left, by will, his throne to Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson to Louis XIV.

Ten or, twelve decaying frigates formed at that time the navy of Spain, and the art of ship-building was almost forgotten. The army consisted of twenty thousand men, without pay, clothing, or discipline. Robbers and murderers prowled about the country, and haunted even the churches unpunished.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE RECENT EVENTS IN SPANISH HISTORY.

Philip V.

PHILIP of Anjou ascended the throne as Philip V. Charles of Austria, afterwards Charles VI. of Germany, likewise desired the crown; and, with the help of the English and Dutch, commenced a war, famous as the War of the Succession. The greater part of the Spaniards supported Philip, and he finally triumphed.

Philip loved to angle by torchlight in the pools of the royal gardens at Seville, and to draw on deal boards with the smoke of a candle. The chase was his favorite amusement until he commenced building. While following the deer at Valsain, he was pleased with the situation of a house belonging to the monks of Parral. It occupied a mountain glen, with cliffs, forests, and ice-cold streams all around. Here, shaded by the peaks of the Peñalara, he built the palace

of San Ildefonso. It is in the French style. The buildings are not fine, but the gardens are among the most charming in Spain. To form them the rocks were levelled and hollowed, and earth was carried up from the plain. They are ornamented with marble vases and statues, and with twenty-six fountains which throw up great quantities of pure sparkling water.

Philip was weak and indolent, yet he heartily desired the good of Spain, and did restore her to a measure of prosperity. He died in 1746.

Ferdinand VI., his successor, married Maria Teresa Magdalena Barbara, daughter of Joam VI., King of Portugal. He was upright in life, and encouraged agriculture, commerce, and the arts, but he was wanting in capacity and energy. He died in 1749. As he had no children, his brother Charles succeeded him.

Charles III. was the most able of the Spanish kings of his house. He increased the revenue very greatly, enlarged the navy, and patronized the writers of the time. He also put new checks upon the Inquisition, which had been declining in power since the reign of Charles II. Under Philip V., its officers had burned, impris-

oned for life, or sent to the galleys three thousand persons. Under the present Charles, only four were burned, and only fifty were otherwise punished, and some of these were convicted of wrong acts.

Charles IV.

began to reign in 1788. He married his cousin, Maria Louisa, of Parma, a coarse and vicious woman. He and his family formed the most contemptible of the royal houses in Europe at that period. When his son Ferdinand, who was as worthless as himself, grew up, the two quarrelled bitterly, and at length they desired Napoleon to settle their disputes. He compelled them both to vacate the throne, on which he placed his brother Joseph.

Joseph's rule, could it have been quietly accepted, would have been of vast advantage to Spain in the spread of new ideas, and the business activity which would soon have appeared through the country. But no people readily obeys a king forced upon them by a foreign power; and many interests were opposed to his government.

The nobles who found that their privileges would be lessened, a host of smugglers who had taken advantage of the vexatious rules of trade to buy and sell unlawfully, the army of officers hired to watch the smugglers, but who usually shared with them their profits, and vast numbers of priests and monks who discovered that the Inquisition would be abolished, that a part of their enormous wealth would be taken for national purposes, and that they should no longer control the State, rose in an irregular but savage way against the invaders.

Another great class, more honest and more patriotic, desired to drive out the French; but dreaded, and dreaded justly, the return of Ferdinand. They did nothing heartily, because they knew that every blow struck against France, was really struck in favor of the tyrant.

At this moment the English government interfered, not generously to free Spain, but selfishly for its own purposes. These were, first, to mortify and weaken Napoleon on Spanish ground and with the help of Spanish soldiers. Secondly, to restore Charles or Ferdinand; and thus to uphold kingly authority regardless of the

prayers and efforts of those who were to suffer from its oppression.

After long and hard fighting the French were defeated, and with the aid of England Ferdinand returned to his capital, May 13, 1814. The English ambassador is said to have expended not less than one hundred thousand dollars in his welcome, and an English general commanded the cavalry which escorted him into the city.

He immediately commenced a series of savage cruelties, which continued for six years. Although he had fully freed his subjects from their oath of obedience and actually left the kingdom, he persecuted both those who had aided and those who had resisted the French, he being enraged at the latter because they had attempted to secure a constitution. In violation of his solemn promises, he sent the most illustrious and true-hearted men to die on the scaffold, to perish by inches in the prisons of Spain and Africa, or, as a great favor, to waste away in exile. Thirty-six thousand persons are supposed to have suffered from his hatred and revenge. During his absence great improvements had been made. The Inquisition had been abolished, and

liberty had been granted to the press. Ferdinand restored the Inquisition, chained the press, and compelled the restoration to the clergy of such church property as had been taken to pay the national debt and the expenses of the war.

Nothing could exceed the disorder and distress of the nation, and further endurance became impossible. The liberal party rose in arms. It would have succeeded, but for the interference of the so-called Holy Alliance. To this alliance, which was really a wicked conspiracy of the kings against the people of Europe, belonged the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the kings of Prussia, England, and France. They sent an army into Spain, which a second time placed Ferdinand on the throne. A second time the monster broke every oath, and filled all Spain with mourning.

Ferdinand was four times married. His last wife was Maria Christina, daughter of King Francis of Naples.

Isabella II.

Maria Isabella Louisa was the ~~only~~ eldest child of Ferdinand VII. She was born in Madrid, in

1830, and was about three years old when her father died. There was a law in Spain, called the Salic Law, which forbade to females the inheritance of the throne; and Don Carlos, the brother of Ferdinand, expected to become king at his decease. Ferdinand repealed this law, and named his infant daughter his successor. She was accordingly proclaimed queen. Don Carlos took up arms. A civil war followed. The queen-mother promised a constitution to the people, and the liberal party supported her, while the absolutists, or those who maintained the old condition of things, with the priests at their head, fought with Don Carlos. The latter was defeated and fled to France.

To the civil war political divisions succeeded, which, although they have caused much disturbance, have served to enlighten the people a little upon many points. Before the recent war with Morocco the country was rapidly improving. There was money in the treasury. There was more industry and thrift. Great works were begun. The war has been conducted without ability and concluded without honor, and it will be a long time before the country

will recover from the shock which it has received.

In 1846 Isabella married her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis. She has three children — a son and two daughters.

Spain still suffers from civil and religious oppression. Through her whole extent the traveller beholds ignorance, superstition, and unthrift. Yet in the very divisions which have brought so much misery to her people lies the promise of a degree of freedom, which will give birth to education, industry, and enterprise, and restore her to a respectable rank among European nations.

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